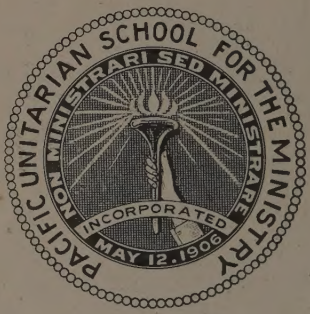
The Story of Dorothea Dix

Frances E. Cooke

HV
28
D6
C66
1897
GTU
Storage



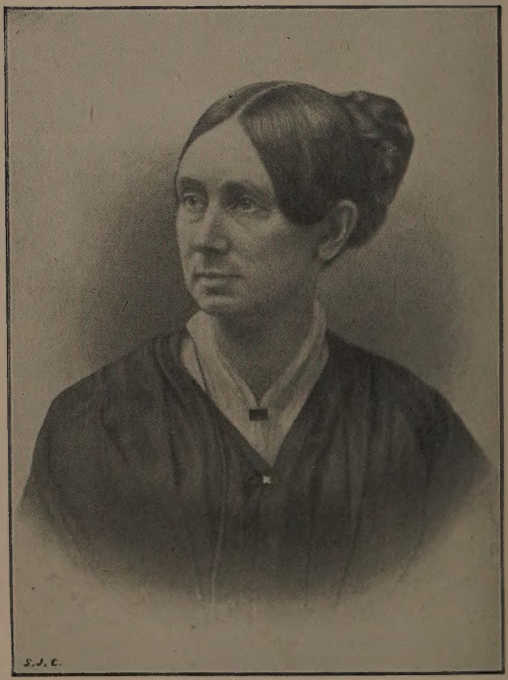
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

THE STORY OF DOROTHEA DIX



DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX

Born April 4th, 1802

Died July 17th, 1887

THE STORY

OF

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX

BY

FRANCES E. COOKE

Author of 'The Story of Theodore Parker,' 'An English Hero,' 'The Story of Dr. Channing,' etc.

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY

'The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.'

G. D. BROADMAN.

Property of CBSK

Please return to Graduate Theological Union Library

London

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1897

HV
28
D6
C66
1897

PRINTED BY ELSOM AND CO.
MARKET-PLACE, HULL.

E 98 6.
.1 6 4 2 2

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE history of the American heroine, Dorothea Lynde Dix, seems to be little known in England. A close acquaintance with her character, and with the spirit which animated her life, cannot fail to serve as a helpful and inspiring influence. It is in the hope of bringing that influence within easy reach of people in this country that this little volume has been written.

I am indebted for the facts contained in it to the American biography by Rev. Francis Tiffany, and hope that this short sketch may be the means of introducing English readers to his much fuller memoir of Miss Dix.

F. E. C.

March, 1897.

1198

CONTENTS

Chap.		Page.
I.	ON THE THRESHOLD	1
II.	CHARACTER-BUILDING	11
III.	'LEADS OF PROVIDENCE'	22
IV.	THE LONELY TRAVELLER	35
V.	THE POWER OF INFLUENCE	47
VI.	'THE GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS'	55
VII.	FAILURE, AND WHAT IT LED TO	68
VIII.	'MOUNTAINS OF DIFFICULTY'	81
IX.	IN WAR TIME	91
X.	FAREWELL TO EARTH	100

The Story of Dorothea Dix

CHAPTER I.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

THE following story of one of the bravest and most useful women that ever lived opens somewhat sadly. But as the years pass away, so do the shadows, and those who read to the end will look back on the record of a life filled with sunshine.

Dorothea's father, Joseph Dix, was an aimless, idle man, who was quite willing to pass his life without making any mark in the world. He and his wife wandered from place to place in the United States of America, and did not care ever to make a settled home. When on April 4th, 1802, their only daughter was born, they were living, for a time, at Hampden, in the State of Maine; but they very soon wandered away again to new scenes.

The little girl was named Dorothy Lynde after her father's mother. Throughout her life she was known as *Dorothea* Lynde Dix. In her case, it may be truly said, that 'Nature the good old nurse, took the child upon her knee'; for, after she could run alone, she met with little care or training from her elders. The small maiden grew in mind and body, unfashioned by the watchful love and wise teaching that falls to the lot of happier children.

At six years old, Dorothea was a lonely child—her pleasures and interests all self-made. About that time, the great event of her life was a visit to her grandfather and grandmother, who lived in Boston. Their house, the stately old 'Dix Mansion,' as it was called, appeared to Dorothea a wonderful place. In its punctual, well ordered household the duties of each day seemed to be done, as it were, by clock-work. Nothing could be more unlike her own home. The house stood in the midst of a large garden which was planted with fruit trees, and in summer time gay with flowers. Dorothea spent many a contented half-hour there in the intervals between the tasks that were set her by her stern, exacting grandmother.

Old Madame Dix was descended from Puritan ancestors. She had inherited from them firm principles and a spirit of devotion to duty. And that part of her character was much to be admired. But she was hard and cold in manner, and had very little power of sympathy. She believed in the need

of strict discipline for children, and showed no tenderness to her little granddaughter. From morning to night, Dorothea heard no playful, loving words from the austere, old lady. She looked up to her grandmother with great respect; but she loved her grandfather dearly. He was a doctor, and her happiest hours were spent with him in his chaise, as he drove about to visit his patients in Boston. He talked brightly and merrily to the delighted child during the drives; and now and then, to her joy, they went further afield along the pleasant country roads outside the town.

At sixty years of age, Dr. Dix was as full of energy as he had been in his younger days, and was ready for any fresh enterprise. It seemed very strange to those who knew both the active doctor and his son, that Dorothea's father should have grown up into so purposeless a man. The child, herself, small as she was, contrasted the two men. While she felt a gentle pity for her father, she gave to her grandfather all the homage of her loving little lonely heart.

Dorothea was only seven years old when her grandfather died. After he had gone, the 'Dix Mansion,' in her thoughts, was still filled with tender memories of him, and when she pictured to herself the dull rooms and the unbending, stern face and figure of Madame Dix, the cheery voice and ways of her kind grandfather seemed to linger about the place and bring a sort of brightness with them.

At home, if the house she lived in with her parents could be called a home, life grew more and more sad and dull. The little family made no friends; indeed, in that wandering life there was no chance to make any. The years went by very slowly: and, as Dorothea grew older, a heavier burden lay upon her. She began to feel the weight of the responsibilities which her father cast so lightly aside. There was no certain income for the ill-regulated household, or, at all events, not enough to prevent the weight of debts. No pains were taken to educate Dorothea; and this was another source of trouble to her. She mourned her own ignorance keenly.

By the time she was twelve years of age, in addition to a little brother, who could run alone, a new baby boy had been added to the family. After this, Dorothea's anxiety became greater than she could bear. How were they all to live? she asked herself. Must the little lads grow up as ignorant as herself? Who was there to help them? And what was to be done? The poor little puzzled mind ached. Dorothea could not see any way out of the trouble. Meanwhile, her father seemed to have no thought about future needs. He idled his days away. His only employment was to write tracts, which Dorothea must paste and stitch together.

At length, it began to seem quite clear to her, that, upon herself must fall the support of the family: that she must be ready, in course of time, to take charge of her little brothers and provide the money

to educate them. It was a heavy task for an untaught, young girl to set herself. But she resolved to undertake the duty. The question now arose, how should she make ready to do it? She thought and thought—the days passed and there was no one to advise her. At length, she came to the conclusion, that there was only one way open to her. This was to ask her grandmother to help her. She would leave home, go to Boston, and beg Madame Dix to send her to school that she might have some chance of earning money.

Dorothea's father was then living in Worcester, a town in the State of Massachusetts—thirty miles or so from Boston. The little traveller's mind was filled with unselfish plans. All difficulties faded away before her wish to become the caretaker of her brothers and she made her way alone to her grandmother's house. What kind of greeting met her there is not known; but Madame Dix kept the child under her care for two years. Probably, the old lady thought her granddaughter was wise in wishing to help her family, and knew that she would have no chance to do so if she stayed with her parents. Dorothea never dreamed of asking for any help from her grandmother except the help to become a money earner herself; and she thankfully accepted the training which was promised her.

We can picture her a companionless child in the large silent house: busy out of school hours with tasks which she could not evade if she would;

learning exactness and perseverance; and crying herself to sleep at night, for want of the loving sympathy which the child-heart within her craved. Years afterwards, she used to say sadly, when she spoke about the past, 'I never knew childhood.'

So it came about that Dorothea grew self-reliant, and, at fourteen years old, she was as womanly as many girls are at eighteen or nineteen years of age. Thanks to close attention and hard work, she was supposed, in a couple of years, to be fit to teach young children. Then she went back to her father's house and opened a school for little boys and girls. In this way, she tried to help to support the family.

Dorothea, in short frocks, with girlish face and figure, did not look at all like a schoolmistress—so it seemed to herself. She had been used to stern discipline at school, and was afraid that the little children she was going to teach would never stand in any awe of her. So, she lengthened her frocks, and the girl of fourteen put on a dignified manner and ruled her pupils very strictly from the first. Deep within her lay the germ of tenderness and pity that was hereafter to lead her to become the unwearied helper of her sorrowful fellow-creatures. But there was nothing in her surroundings, at present, to call it into expression. Very slowly, the beautiful character was to be moulded by the experiences of life.

It is easy to guess that Dorothea could not earn much by this childish attempt at school-keeping.

It only lasted a year. Then she went back to Boston, and a new plan of life lay before her. She was no longer a child when she returned to her grandmother's house. We must picture her growing into young womanhood, with her mind open to receive all the fresh influences of thought and culture that came in her way.

And now what kind of life awaited her? Boston was a seaport town. It had grown in size and importance even in the course of the two years during which Dorothea had been away. Still, its wide common lay open to the fresh breezes that blew over it from the Atlantic, and it was bright with pleasant gardens that lay round the houses of its richer inhabitants. The 'Dix Mansion' stood among these better dwellings, and apart from the quarter of the town where the poorer people lived.

Dorothea, who had now more freedom than in former days, used sometimes, in her walks, to find her way into the narrow streets where the children played and quarrelled before their wretched homes, and untidy women gossipped at the doorways. At such times, a longing used to rise within her to bring about a better state of things. She felt so sorry for the little ignorant outcasts, who were growing up as they could, uncared for, within the boundaries of bright, prosperous Boston: and she vowed within herself, that if the chance came to her in the future, she would do what she could as their friend and helper.

Meanwhile, she was very busy with her studies. It was settled that, by and by, she was to open a school for elder girls. Her grandmother's health had begun to fail; and, by degrees, the care of the house was more and more falling on Dorothea. It did not seem probable that she would ever have leisure to help the idle children of the town, since the future care of her brothers was to fall on her and she had not yet begun to earn the money she would need for them. It was just at this time in Boston that she came under the influence which gave the guiding principle to her whole after life. And this part of her story must now be told.

Boston was rising into fame as the home of thinkers and learned men. New ideas were welcomed there. The writings of German and English scholars were eagerly read and discussed; and in return, influences from Boston were making themselves felt in the old world. Because of its vigorous intellectual life, Boston was sometimes called 'the modern Athens.'

There were many eloquent preachers in the town; but from nearly all the pulpits the same gloomy creed was preached,—a creed which had been handed down ever since the days when the Pilgrim Fathers, fleeing from persecution in England, had founded the first Puritan colony in the New World. The belief was still held in Boston, and far and wide through the States, that the greater number of the dwellers on earth were corrupt and sinful from their

birth, and that only a chosen few, 'the elect,'—had any chance of salvation.

But there was one church in Boston, crowded with eager listeners every Sunday, where a very different gospel was taught. People said to one another, as they came away from the services, 'A new era of preaching has begun.' The preacher was William Ellery Channing, and he was ranked among the heretics in Boston, for he had cast aside that old creed most people believed.

'Would that I had a voice to reach your souls, to convince you of that which God has meant you for!' was the cry of this new teacher. He told his hearers that there was no human being who had not within him a seed of heavenly beauty, a germ of the spirit of God, which was only waiting to be wakened some day, by the touch of help and hope, into a new and growing life.

Dorothea was among Dr. Channing's younger listeners; and this teaching came to her as a great and inspiring help. She had been brought up, so far as she had any training, in the gloomy Puritan creed. The tracts her father used to write were full of the doctrine that the earth was cursed by an angry God, and that all the people on it, except 'the elect,' were doomed.

Think what a change it must have been when these new ideas came to her of the possible perfection of every human soul, and of the boundless love and grace of the Heavenly Father! See

how they would fill her with hope for the future of the little ragged children! She began to look upon these street Arabs as future angels, and to see that the grandest work she could have in life would be to try to lift up and train any wandering, ignorant creatures before whom such a glorious future lay.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

MADAME DIX owned a little house in Orange Court in Boston. This dwelling was unlet when Dorothea, after three years spent in study, was ready to begin to teach again. It was settled that she should hold classes for pupils in it. There were few good schools for girls in Boston in those days; and it did not take her long to gather pupils together when she wanted them; for it was known that she had been well trained as a teacher.

Now, she had a very high ideal of what a teacher ought to be, and she felt that, if she would train her scholars properly, she must continue to go on learning herself. The only way in which she could make time for her own studies, however, was to rise before the sun; and she seldom went to rest before midnight. No one urged her to make these efforts: and, alas! there was no one at hand to watch that she did not injure her health by overwork. She always kept in view the future of her little brothers, it was the great aim of her life to care for them and

help them to grow into useful men. And this girl of nineteen years of age was also filled with an eager wish to carve out a noble character of her own, and to waste no moments of the life entrusted to her. Therefore, she never let any feelings of weariness stand in the way of a duty that had to be done.

We must picture her now, acting as mistress of her invalid grandmother's house, and spending much of the day in her class rooms, employed in no ordinary kind of teaching. The subjects her pupils learned were perhaps fewer and simpler than those taught in the girls' schools at the present time; but it was her constant effort to touch the hidden springs of character, and to rouse idle, careless girls to a sense of duty and a longing for self-improvement. By these efforts, which she never relaxed, and by the late hours given to study, her strength was often exhausted.

Meanwhile, busy as she was, Dorothea could not forget the little street arabs, the neglected boys and girls, who were so unlike the angels they were destined sometime to become. The thought kept entering into her mind that she *must* find some way to teach and help them. 'Do not silence the whispers of the soul,' was one of the sayings of Dr. Channing, whose sermons she heard every Sunday. 'Surely,' thought Dorothea, 'this wish to help the ragged children which comes to me so often must be one of those whispers of the soul;' and she said to herself, 'if I do not act upon it, it will fade away

and cease to make itself felt within me.' But what could she do? She knew very well that neither the Dix Mansion nor the well ordered house where her classes met, must open their doors to the little outcasts of the streets. *That*, her grandmother would never permit. She puzzled over the difficulty; and at last, she thought of a plan.

Over the stables, belonging to the Dix Mansion, lay an unused loft. What could she wish for better than this room, if her grandmother would only give her leave to use it for a ragged school. But she was afraid, if she asked for it, permission would be refused, and she thought the best plan would be to write to her grandmother and ask for the use of the empty barn. So, one day, to the old lady's great surprise, a letter from her granddaughter was brought up to her in the room she now seldom left; and when she had opened it, she read thus:

'My dear Grandmother,

Had I the saint-like eloquence of our minister, I would employ it in explaining all the motives and dwelling on all the good, good to the poor, the miserable, the idle and the ignorant, which would follow upon giving me permission to use the barn-chamber as a schoolroom for charitable and religious purposes. You have read Hannah More's life: you approve of her labours for the most degraded of England's paupers: why not, when it can be done without exposure or expense, let *me* rescue some of America's miserable children from vice and guilt? . . . . Do, my dear

grandmother, yield to my request, and witness, next summer, the reward of your benevolent and Christian compliance.

Your affectionate granddaughter,

D. L. Dix.'

Leave to use the barn for a ragged school was granted. Straightway, Dorothea invited sundry little lads and lasses from among the idlers that swarmed about the back streets. They came in willingly, ready for any novelty, were interested in what she told them, and were glad to come again and again, whenever the loft was opened. Little did Dorothea think, when she first called her little ragged scholars in, that she was beginning a work that would spread and grow in after years, and lead to the formation of a larger ragged school and the religious training of great numbers of poor waifs and strays in Boston. But this was the case; and, in later life, Dorothea was thankful that she had not neglected to listen to those 'whispers of the soul.'

Time passed, and she was carrying out her aim. She was earning money and sending comforts to her mother; and, through her means, the education of her two little brothers had begun. They were sent to school in Boston, where she could have them under her own watchful care. But, sad to tell, the effects of over-work began to show themselves in Dorothea's health. Her chest ached; she had a sharp pain in her side; and her voice began

to fail. She fancied she ought to struggle against her growing weakness, and to fight against a temptation to indolence. But she grew worse, and sometimes she began to fear that she might not live to see the boys settled in life. When she thought of the temptations into which they might fall she felt very sad, as she foresaw that she might not be at hand to guide and warn them.

Her life was less lonely by this time. She had found friends among the parents of her pupils; and Dr. Channing's kind advice was always ready for her. He saw how she was ruining her health by over-work, and how her energy and strong will prevented her from taking the rest she needed. One day he wrote to her thus: 'Your infirm health seems to darken your prospects of usefulness. But I believe your constitution will yet be built up, if you will give it a fair chance. You must learn to give up your plans of usefulness, as much as those of gratification, to the will of God. We may make *these* the occasions of self-will, vanity and pride as much as anything else. May not one of your chief dangers lie there? The infirmity which I warn you of, though one of good minds, is an infirmity.'

It was a hard lesson for the self-willed girl to learn—to give way to the weakness of the body instead of riding triumphantly over pains and weariness. But help came to her just when she needed it.

Dr. Channing had a country house in Rhode

Island, where he and his family spent some months every summer, and, in the year 1827, he asked Dorothea to go with them, as governess to his children.

The worn-out teacher gladly accepted this welcome invitation. The new life brought both rest and change. A quiet, beautiful garden lay round the house. There were winding walks among trees, and a sunny lawn, over which the fresh sea wind used to blow. Not far away was the beach, where the great Atlantic billows broke on rocky headlands, or rolled into sheltered bays whose caves were filled with treasures of strange sea-weeds and brilliant stones. There was ample time, when the children's lessons were done, to wander with them amid all this beauty. The flowers in the meadows, the wonders of the sea-shore, the songs of the birds, the shadows of the clouds, and the grand sunsets, all brought joy and fresh health to Dorothea. She would not have been happy if she had led an idle life amid all this beauty. But she was still teaching, and earning money by it; and, therefore, was still carrying out the aim she had set before herself.

Moreover, to her joy, she was able to help people who were poorer than herself. For, just outside Dr. Channing's garden gate, stood a little church, where the country folks came to worship. There, on Sunday afternoons, a school was held, and Dorothea was made teacher of a class of rough boys and men. It was strange to see how one who

was so timid by nature, who shrank from the notice of strangers and flushed when they spoke to her, was able to keep her uncouth, ignorant hearers deeply interested in all she told them. The little Channings often found her discipline very stern, and they quickly learned that her word was law; but, in after years, they saw how much they owed to her. Almost without knowing it they learned from her to love knowledge, and to care for those things which are really worth having in life.

But of greater value to Dorothea than all the beauties of sea and land were the help and inspiration she gained from Dr. Channing. He was a man who carried out, in his daily life, the virtues that he taught; who tried always to be in spirit the best and noblest possible. Therefore, he shed about him an influence that raised every one with whom he came in contact. He made those who knew him long to be pure in spirit and high-minded. Dorothea had learned much from his preaching. Now she saw that the great principles of which he spoke were the life of his own soul; and she felt, according to the old saying, that 'example is better than precept.'

This long visit paid to Rhode Island was only the first of many in succeeding years. In Boston, whenever she was settled in town for a time, she easily found work as a teacher. And so her busy life went on. One winter, to escape from the biting winds that blew over Boston from northern ice-fields, she went with Dr. Channing and his family to stay

in Santa Cruz, an island in the tropics. There, the beauty round her filled her with wonder. She studied the sea-weeds, and shells, and flowers, which were new to her, with such care and skill that her specimens and descriptions were of use to men of science.

And all these years, while she was busily teaching in town and country, she read numbers of books and made extracts from them, storing what she learned, in this way, in her memory. She wrote books for children, too, which sold well and added to the earnings she was so bent on making.

At last, being in better health, and, as she hoped, restored to strength, she came back to live in her grandmother's house and take up her old life. The Dix Mansion was turned into a boarding-school. The once silent rooms and passages echoed with the voices and footsteps of numbers of young girls. The schoolroom was a plain, bare room, and at the same long table where the pupils studied, their meals were served. There were none of the comforts and dainties for Dorothea's scholars that are to be found in girls' schools to-day. They had a Spartan-like training; she believed in 'plain living and high thinking,' and her scholars often thought that she taxed them too heavily. She expected them always to be and do their very best. All her teaching was thorough, and she claimed thorough work from them. She tried, above all, to train their characters; to call out right motives and to waken noble aims. In each girl she saw a future angel: and it was her

constant effort to waken into active life the heavenly germ within each one, which sometimes seemed so deeply buried out of sight. Who can wonder, knowing the kind of training she had received herself in her girlhood, if Dorothea was sometimes austere, and held up ideals for them to strive after which seemed far above their reach.

She liked her pupils to write to her and tell her about their temptations and difficulties. She established a strange kind of post office in a large shell on the chimney piece in one of the rooms. In this shell, the girls placed their little paper messengers, and found answers from Miss Dix in their place. Numbers of their notes, yellow with age, were found, after her death, among her papers. Here are three of them.

1.

'Please write me a note, dear teacher, I send you the paper in the hope that you will. Do *please!* The casket is ready: please fill it with jewels. Your child, Nelly.'

2.

'You know, dear Miss Dix, that I told you just now I could not do my composition. Is it not singular, I just read in M's letter "An iron will can accomplish everything." Dear Miss Dix, I will have this iron will. and I will do and be all you expect from your child.'

3.

'I thought I was doing very well until I read your letter: but when you said you were rousing to greater

energy, all my self-satisfaction vanished. For, if you are not, in some measure, satisfied with yourself, and are going to do more than you have done, I don't know what I shall do. You don't go to rest until midnight, and then you rise very early.'

Dorothea had a friend, Miss Annie Heath, to whom at this time she wrote constantly: and indeed all through her life she poured out many of her struggles, and troubles, and joys, and triumphs, in her letters to this lady. At this time, they were often sorrowful notes that she sent to her friend. Her life was not a happy one, for her nature was only partly developed. She had not found her true work in life, and she blamed herself because she could not reach, and could not make her pupils, reach the high ideal she set before herself. She was now thirty-three years old; and health and strength began again to give way. These are talents given to us to be wisely used. If not so used we must pay the penalty, and Dorothea had greatly overtaxed her powers. Hæmorrhage from the lungs began. After twenty-one years of work, her will was as strong as ever; but she could work no more. She was told that she must have perfect rest and give up teaching.

Happily, by that time, the task she had set herself to do, was finished. Both her brothers were educated. They had begun their work in the world and were earning their own living. She had saved enough money, also, for her own support. All she

could do now, was to summon courage and hope to her aid, and wait patiently for what time might bring forth. She expected soon to be about her work again.

Who can measure the influence of a life guided by duty and high principle? Dorothea could not foresee the harvest of the seed she was sowing; she saw her failures only. But, all the time, her pupils were learning from her to fashion their lives according to a noble ideal; and, in later life, they influenced other people in their turn.

CHAPTER III.

'LEADS OF PROVIDENCE.'

SPRING came with bright sunny days. Trees broke into leaf, and flowers made gay the garden that lay round the Dix Mansion. Still Dorothea gained no strength. Grave doctors visited her and shook their heads. At last, a sea voyage was prescribed for her: and she set sail, with kind friends for England. They planned to take her with them, in a few months, to the south of France. But this scheme was not to be carried out. Dorothea went no further than Liverpool. There she was carried on shore, and lay ill and helpless in an hotel in the town.

Now, Dr. Channing had written to some friends, whom he knew well in Liverpool, telling them Dorothea's story, and asking them to meet, and welcome her, when she reached England. Mr. and Mrs. William Rathbone, as these kind English friends were called, were always ready to help strangers; and they took her to their quiet country house, 'Greenbank,' and cared for her and nursed her tenderly.

In this English home, Dorothea found herself in the same 'household of faith' as that to which Dr. Channing, and the so-called 'heretics' of Boston, belonged. Her new friends were Unitarians. They knew Dr. Channing's writings, had seen and talked with him; and, like him, they believed in God as an all-loving Father and in the possible future perfection of every human soul.

It had never fallen to her lot before to meet with such tender sympathy. She was a helpless invalid, and found the greatest rest and comfort in the loving family life at 'Greenbank.' It was out of the question for her to travel further, and Dorothea accepted simply and gratefully all the kindness shown to her in this English home. No one could help pitying the worn-out teacher; for energy and all power to plan any future life or work had left her, for the time.

Months passed away, and as she waited for slowly returning strength, letters came to her, at times, from America. At length, she received news of the death of her grandmother. By and by, came tidings of her mother's death. A year and a half went by. At the end of that time, though still a delicate woman, her health was so far improved that she was able to make the return voyage to America, and she said goodbye to her dearly loved English friends and their sheltering home. It was a sad leave taking. Dorothea was going back to her native land, it was true; but no one seemed *to need*

her there. Of her father, no further mention is made in her story. He was probably dead: her brothers were busy men, settled in life with homes and pursuits of their own. Even her own living was secured by her savings and a bequest from her grandmother.

She landed; and, after a time, settled into her lonely home, where she constantly missed the kind sympathy she had met with at Greenbank. Perhaps she might find happiness in work. But what was she to do? She was not strong enough to begin another school. Should she not for the future give herself up to literature and art? She had leisure and means. Perhaps she could satisfy in this way the longings within her, and make a full and happy life for herself. So she pondered over her way, but it did not seem to open clearly out before her. There was so much pain and sorrow in the world. She could not make up her mind to fold her hands and do nothing to lessen the heavy burdens that numbers of people had to bear: and yet there seemed no call for her, no opening for her work. Dorothea was restless, and only one thought prevented her from being very unhappy.

We have seen how she had learned, in old times, from Dr. Channing, to listen for God's 'whispers of the soul.' She had also gained from him a belief in what she called 'the leads of Providence.' By this phrase she meant to express the idea, that the right way of life opens out, from time to time, for

every one who waits and watches faithfully for heavenly guidance. At this time, while lonely and useless, this thought came into her mind and helped her. Thenceforward, she was always on the watch for a sign that might show her some work she could do in the world, no matter how trifling the service might be. Quite suddenly, and unexpectedly, in a very common-place way, the opening to her future work in life came to her.

One Sunday morning, as she was coming out of church, she heard two gentlemen speaking of the cruel treatment of lunatics in the East Cambridge gaol, only a short distance from Boston.

'I will go and see into this matter for myself,' she thought, as she went back to her lonely home. At the same time, another 'lead of Providence' came to her. A teacher was wanted for a class of women in the same prison on the following Sunday. Someone told her this, and at once she promised to undertake the task, saying, 'I shall be there next Sunday.'

A week passed away, and Dorothea went to teach the class. At the end of the lesson, it was an easy matter to ask to see the prison, and she was taken over it. March had come; a biting wind was blowing outside, and the cold made its way into the dreary prison cells. There she found insane people, who were innocent of any crime, herded together with the criminals in crowded, filthy rooms, in which no stove was ever lighted, however severe the frost

might be. She was told that it would be unsafe to light a fire where lunatics were confined; and, indeed, among so many other sufferings, want of warmth seemed a small matter.

The general court of Massachusetts was then in session. Dorothea thought that possibly, if an appeal were made, this small reform might be brought about. 'At all events I will try,' said she to herself. So she wrote a letter which brought the matter before the notice of the Court. Men of influence were interested, and took the subject up. In the end, a law was passed for the future warming of the prison cells. Dorothea, faithful in a little, had taken the first step which was to lead her on to mighty deeds in the coming time.

After this visit to the East Cambridge gaol, the thought of those miserable lunatics constantly haunted her. She could not forget the sight of them, penned up in the crowded prison, with no kindness shown to them and no hope left to them. 'Is there not even in them,' she thought, 'a germ of heavenly beauty which, some day when the spirit is freed from its contact with the poor diseased brain, will wake up into new life?' She could not rest, believing as she did, there were probably thousands of other sufferers of the same kind in other towns in the States, as miserable as those poor creatures whom she had seen in East Cambridge gaol.

And now read what she resolved to do. She made up her mind to travel all through the State of

Massachusetts to the various villages and towns, and see for herself how the insane people, who were poor and friendless, were treated. She thanked God that she had money enough for her journeys, and she prayed for strength and courage to help her on her mission.

And, indeed, courage was needed: for she met with terrible sights, as she made her way into the gaols, and almshouses, and out-of-the-way buildings where the lunatics were confined. In those days, very few people looked upon insanity as a kind of disease that might be cured, and upon the insane as patients that must be carefully tended. They were often hidden out of sight in stone out-houses, even in iron cages. They were chained to the ground in some cases, and neglected in every possible way. They were beaten and ill-used until they really resembled, in their cries and their violence, the wild animals whose nature they were supposed to share.

For two years Dorothea travelled from place to place, gaining admittance into dreadful dens, where these poor wretches were confined; as well as into prisons where criminals and mad people were often crowded together. She kept stern guard over her fears and her emotions; and when the quiet, dignified woman with her low, sweet voice, asked leave to see the miserable inmates of gaol or outhouse, the astonished keepers granted her request, after they had warned her of the spectacle she would witness. Still greater was the surprise of the keepers, when

they watched how the chained and raging madmen sank into silence before her presence, and at the sound of her voice. So, she was able to gain the information she wanted: and no one suspected that the gentle woman, who came alone on this strange errand, was really a reformer bent on a mighty mission.

We can guess what a trial it must have been to Dorothea to undertake this work, when we remember that she had been brought up, by her grandmother, with very narrow, rigid ideas of the place women ought to take in the world. In those days, the belief was generally held that public work was fit only for men, and she knew well that in what she was about to do she would run counter to the views of people whom she respected. Hitherto, she had led an uneventful, sheltered life. She was timid by nature, and constant ill-health led her to shrink still more from bringing notice and blame upon herself.

Nevertheless, of one thing she was certain: she must follow the 'leads of Providence,' however hard the path into which they might guide her. So, she went bravely on her way, taking notes of all the horrors she saw; and, at the end of two years, when her journeyings through the State were all done, she wrote out her experiences, in the form of a memorial, to the Legislature of Massachusetts. One of the statesmen, who knew her words were true, undertook to present her memorial to the Legislature.

Dorothea had roused a tempest. The storm

broke upon her from every side. Her memorial was full of the terrible sights she had witnessed; and when men in power read it they were startled by such a sentence as the following:—

'I proceed, gentlemen, to call your attention to the *present* state of insane persons confined within this commonwealth *in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; naked, chained, beaten with rods, and lashed into obedience.*'

People who were in authority in the various towns of Massachusetts rose up to protest against her statements. Sometimes, they were said to be slanderous and sensational lies. The newspapers spoke severely of Miss Dix and the strange tales she had invented. But the brave soul put fear on one side. She would have stood alone willingly, if need be, to bear the brunt of public abuse: but certain well-known men looked into the truth of her statements for themselves, and they wrote letters to the papers in their support and to protect her, as far as they could, from the insults heaped upon her.

A Committee was formed to consider this memorial, which had roused so much strife. Meanwhile, people talked over the terrible tale; public opinion was roused, and a cry went up, throughout the State of Massachusetts, that such things must not take place in a Christian land. The end was that a Bill was passed by the State Legislature to provide for the care of pauper lunatics, and to put an end at once to the sufferings described by the memorial.

So far, so good. Still, there was no rest for Dorothea. She did not doubt that the same story could be told of *all* the other States in the Union. If the Legislature of Massachusetts can be induced to put an end to the wrong, she thought, why cannot the same thing be done in every other State. She began to see that a great mission lay before her; that she must visit, one after another, the towns and villages in *all* the different States, and find out how the poor lunatics were treated. She must then make her reports and storm the various Legislatures, till the wrong was righted all over the land.

She began her work again—this time in Rhode Island. Just as before, when she was travelling in Massachusetts, so now, she made no appearance in public: she held no great meetings. What she did, she did quietly. She went alone on her journeys; and by her personal influence, she made her way into the foul dens and into every prison and almshouse where the insane people, who were poor and friendless, were to be found. The keepers were, by no means, all cruel men. It was the *system* that was wrong throughout; and terrible sufferings were the result. But often Dorothea came upon scenes so heart-rending, that she needed all the faith and courage she could summon to face them.

One day, she reached a little town in Rhode Island, where rumour had told her some dangerous lunatics were confined. She found this to be the case. The gaoler told her that if she went into the

cell of one of his prisoners, the man might very likely try to kill her. She quietly persisted in her desire, and, as was always the way, she gained her will.

'You shall see, but stay outside till I get a lantern,' said her guide. Dorothea, tired with all she had already done that day, leaned against the iron door of a stone building like a tomb, in the courtyard of the poor house, and waited for the keys and the light. She heard groans from within as from someone buried alive.

'He's here,' said the keeper, and unlocked the iron door, then led the way along a narrow passage and down some steps to a second iron door, which had also to be unlocked. Out from the damp and noisome stone cell flowed the poisonous air that filled it. The feeble light of the lantern fell on the figure of a man, more like a corpse than a human being, who was chained by a staple to the rock over his head. No light, no warmth: the wet, stone floor beneath his bare feet. An iron frame, laced across with rope, was the only other object in the cell. He neither moved nor spoke, and stood there the picture of misery.

Heedless of the keeper's warning, Dorothea, filled with the deepest pity, crossed the threshold. She held out her hands and took within them the stone-cold hands of the mad man. She rubbed them gently, and spoke to him in soothing tones of freedom and kindness. She saw a tear fall down

his worn face: but, stunned and stupified, he still made no effort to speak or move. This man had been three years in the stone den, and the double walls and doors had been built to prevent his cries being heard outside. 'As well,' said the gaoler, 'might the buried dead break through the sealed gates of the tomb.'

This is only one instance, among many, of the scenes into which this brave woman forced her way. How could she rest while such a crying wrong waited to be redressed! She felt sure that Providence had called her to the work.

In the course of her journey through Rhode Island, she had found one small asylum, far too small for the needs of the State. The poor, friendless lunatics, whose present cruel fate was unknown to the public, must find shelter in it. On that she was resolved. But where was the money to come from that was needed to enlarge it? Dorothea saw it was her next duty to apply to wealthy men in Rhode Island, though they were all strangers to her, and induce them to subscribe to a building fund for that purpose.

Now, there was living in the chief town in Rhode Island, a rich man named Cyrus Butler. He was well known by reason of the great fortune he had made, and it was said that no one could induce him to give even a small sum away in charity. Dorothea resolved to try what she could do. She believed that, even in the hardest miser, there lay hidden

away the heavenly germ that was some day to develop into active life and change him into a merciful angel: and, with this faith to help her, she called at the rich man's stately house, and asked to speak to him.

Mr. Butler probably guessed what she wanted. For a time, he gave her no chance to explain her errand.

At last, breaking gently in on his talk, she said, 'I wish you to hear what I have to say. I want to bring before you certain facts involving terrible suffering to your fellow-creatures all around you—suffering you can relieve. My duty will end when I have done this, and with you will then rest all further responsibility.'

Then, she went on to tell him the piteous tale of the mad prisoner she had found chained in the stone tomb in the very State that he himself was living in, and to assure him that this was only one instance among many others.

The same secret power in Dorothea, that restrained the violence of the insane when she was present, touched the slumbering conscience and better feelings of the selfish millionaire. When she was silent, he asked, 'What do you want me to do?' 'Sir,' was her reply, 'I want you to give 40,000 dollars towards the enlargement of the insane hospital in this city.'

Her wish was granted. News of the generous gift speedily spread. Other wealthy men followed

Mr. Butler's example, and gave Miss Dix the help for which she asked. The small asylum was enlarged, and grew into the great 'Butler Hospital.'

Thus, in a second State, a refuge was provided for the wretched outcasts, who, as pauper lunatics, had known neither home nor friends.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LONELY TRAVELLER.

A WISE man once said 'Live near the great, and you shall grow like them.' Doubtless, it is also true, though it may be in a less degree, that to follow with sympathy, the story of a noble life helps us to grow worthier in our own characters and aims. Who can read of Dorothea Dix without longing, like her, to be on the watch for every 'leading of Providence,' and by following each as it comes, to grow year by year, braver and more faithful?

'The rewards of duty,' it has been truly said, 'are not rest from labour but greater tasks.' Now we are to see how the path, in which Dorothea's life-work lay, widened out before her willing feet.

Few of the States in the Union had any public asylums. Rhode Island was an exception. Here, there was a beginning already made, but so small was the building that there was no room in it for the pauper lunatics who were friendless and homeless. In most other States the work of asylum building had to be begun. So it would not be enough in

such States to ask for the help of a few rich men. The people at large must be roused; and they must be induced to give money to erect the needed asylums.

This was quite clear to Dorothea—and so were her plans about the work that had to be done. She saw plainly that memorials, such as she had prepared in Massachusetts, must be written and sent up to the government of *each* State. Before such memorials could be drawn up it would be needful to know the condition of the insane paupers in the various towns. Therefore, she must find out all about the terrible facts that she felt sure would be revealed. A hard task to undertake! But she dared not 'silence the whispers of the soul,' and she did not doubt that they were calling her to this new field of labour. In this belief lay her strength.

Early in 1843 her travels began again. By the end of three years' time, she had journeyed more than 10,000 miles.

'I am naturally timid and diffident, like all my sex,' she was once heard to say, 'but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers.' And now let us see what kind of perils she met with.

Few railway lines were laid down at that time in the United States compared with the network that now joins city to city. There were no railways in many of the districts to which Miss Dix had to go. Crazy coaches or springless carriages, with reckless,

and sometimes drunken drivers, carried her over rough log roads and muddy swamps. At times, a broad river ford, half a mile or more wide, had to be crossed, with rapid currents rushing here and there. The water then might reach up to the floor of the carriage; the horses have to struggle for their footing in the flood, and to rest, now and then, upon a bank of sand. It was no uncommon event, far out in the wilds, for the roughly made harness to break. Perhaps the rain might be pouring down, and the wind blowing, and the negro driver prove to be helpless. Dorothea found it was wise to carry rope, and two or three useful tools with her for such occasions.

Districts, which had been flooded by the autumn rains, were apt to be haunted by malaria. Lonely, comfortless taverns, by the wayside, awaited the tired traveller. In such shelters, she was sometimes forced to stay till the flood went down. Sometimes, she was kept there, an unwilling prisoner, by attacks of fever or hemorrhage. Happily, she could always sleep for hours at a time, when the chance came, and it was this faculty that, again and again, renewed her exhausted strength and kept her alive.

At one time, her way lay through a desolate stretch of country. When she was about to set forth, she saw her driver arm himself with a pair of pistols. He told her that their road was, at times, the haunt of robbers and that it was needful to carry arms. 'Give them to me; I will take care of them,' said Dorothea, who had no trust in such protection.

Very unwillingly, he handed her the weapons, wondering, doubtless, what sort of a traveller this strange lady might be. Then they began their journey. By and by, the way led through a thick forest. The carriage jolted along over a rough road, deeper and deeper among the trees. Suddenly, a man dashed out from the thick undergrowth, and demanded money. The pistols lay hidden, and were left in their hiding-place. Dorothea looked him steadily in the face, and said 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poorhouses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress and in want of money, I will give you some.'

The robber knew the voice, and drew back, awe stricken, for he remembered how, one day, when in prison in Philadelphia, he had heard the same tones. Miss Dix was then speaking to the prisoners in an adjoining cell and had touched, for the time, his soul as he listened to her words. Once again, his better self was roused. He begged for her forgiveness and could hardly be persuaded to take the gift she pressed upon him. In another moment, he had disappeared in the thick wood. Let us hope the highwayman and the driver both learned lessons they needed.

In the midst of various perilous experiences, Dorothea wrote thus to a friend: 'I have had some

of the most delightful evidences of good accomplishing and to be done, the past week. I am very happy, and wonder, while such holy rewards reach me for effort and sacrifice, that I should ever find myself faltering or sighing for the life of repose which, in the distance, seems to me so attractive.'

Dorothea was on a great mission, and her mind was set upon carrying out great aims. But she never forgot the trifles that go so far towards making up the interests of men's lives, and she was always on the watch to be a helper in little ways.

One day, she was on a railway journey, and three gaily dressed girls, with wasp-like waists and empty faces, came into the carriage at a roadside station. Miss Dix believed in the truth of the saying 'A sound mind in a sound body,' and held that, to be healthy, every organ must have room to expand and do its work in its own place. Therefore, she felt better pleased when a fourth girl entered, whose dress was sensible and whose waist was as nature intended it to be.

Soon, the three girls who sat near Miss Dix began to make remarks upon their fellow-travellers, and to scoff, among themselves, at what they thought was the awkward figure of the new comer. 'Better be dead than out of fashion,' said one of them, scornfully. Straightway, Dorothea turned to her and spoke a word in season: 'My dear, if you lace as tightly as you do now, you will not have the privilege of the choice. You will be *both dead and* out of fashion.'

It was strange to see how she seemed by instinct to find out any stranger, who was in trouble. Many a sad heart was cheered by her kind words, and many an invalid long remembered the care shown towards her, on a wearisome journey, by the unknown, solitary traveller. Some one wrote to Miss Dix in her later days—'I often think of your thoughful care of that forlorn woman in the cars. It was a rebuke to me. I can spend, or be spent, for an Institution or for Humanity; but if I had seen the certain man between Jerusalem and Jericho, I should have been the priest or Levite. Perhaps *they* were at work for something on a *large* scale and could not see the small, or perhaps, they had no relish for charity in detail.'

People who only knew Miss Dix by report, were sometimes afraid of her. They pictured her as a person of immense energy, who was so bent on the career she had laid out for herself, as to have no time nor thought to give to the cares and interests of the every-day life of ordinary men and women. This was a great mistake.

Here is a story to the point, in which the wife of a minister in Rhode Island, herself a noble woman, tells us how, when she knew Miss Dix, she found she had formed in her own mind an entirely mistaken idea of the stranger about whom she had hitherto only heard.

'I did not like a woman who went about a self-appointed critic: had heard that she was "cross"

when she kept school, and I was a prejudiced woman, shame to me! She made her appearance, and one look at that calm, gentle face had its effect. Then only a word of lady-like apology in a sweet, low voice, and I began to feel the gift she had.

'I was mending my boy's socks, and she quietly took one up and began darning with a skilful hand, talking most pleasantly of the beautiful city of Providence (the town in which this lady lived) and of some Boston minister we both knew. For two hours we sat together, and not one word about the insane or her "mission" when I had anticipated that she would talk of nothing else. This foolish, obstinate conservative was conquered by the force of that beautiful, strong nature, shining through a genuine womanhood.

'After dinner, she said to my husband, "Now I am at your service," and he immediately took her to see some persons interested in her work. She stayed some days with us, never introducing the subject, but ready to give information, and tell us of facts that made us bless the day she was born, and the day when she found what work the Lord had for her.'

So it came about that wherever Dorothea went she made her way into the hearts of the people with whom she came in contact. No stranger could have guessed that this helpful woman had had such a hard unsympathetic bringing up. She sowed true, good thoughts, comforted sad people, and was like

a gleam of sunshine in the dark places of the earth.

And what made her such a help and strength to all around her? Surely, it was her belief that there is a germ of good that may be cultivated in every human being, that 'as the tree has a seed within it, so men have within them—angels.' This thought gave her hope for the most unworthy, and patience with the vulgar and common-place, and helped her to call out what was best, and to waken the sleeping energies, in her fellow-creatures.

'I have learned from you never to despair,' said one to her who had found encouragement for his own life and work in her words and example. Numbers could have told the same tale.

It happened that, on one of her journeys, Dorothea's mission led her to Raleigh, a town in North Carolina. While there, she heard of a lady, who was lying dangerously ill, who had no friends among the inhabitants. It was a simple and natural thing to her to seek the solitary lady out and, having found her, she cared for her tenderly during the rest of her severe illness, and was with her when she passed away.

The stranger's husband proved to be a North Carolina statesman of position and influence. As his wife lay dying, he promised her in gratitude for all Miss Dix had done for her in her great need, to do what he could to help forward the Asylum Bill for North Carolina which was then lying before the State Legislature.

As usual, the memorial which Miss Dix had prepared about the condition of the insane paupers in North Carolina and which had been presented to the State Legislature, had roused great excitement. A large party objected to the building of a public asylum because of the cost, and the heavy tax which must be levied on the people in order to raise the money needful for the purpose. The first Bill had been thrown out: but the question had come up again in the Senate Chamber. Now, this grateful statesman, with the fresh grief of his heavy loss upon him, rose, in his great love for his dead wife, to support the new Bill.

Straightway, the whole subject was raised to a higher plain: a new spirit entered into the discussion which followed his heart-stirring appeal. All objections were silenced, and the North Carolina Asylum Bill was passed by a large majority.

New Jersey was the first State, however, without any public Asylum in which Miss Dix set to work to provide one. As in the case of her labours in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Dorothea travelled here, and there, and everywhere, leaving no terrible cell with its prisoner unvisited, and then wrote out her experiences in the form of a memorial to the State Legislature. It was read, and a Committee was formed to consider the matter and report to the House.

Meanwhile, the newspapers discussed the Memorial; men talked of it in the exchange and on the

market place; and the question of raising the money needed for the building came to the front.

It was the middle of winter. Snow fell and covered the earth, and dreary winds blew; yet Dorothea was up before sunrise every morning, writing letters and newspaper articles, and late at night she interviewed members who could not see their way to vote for the proposed Asylum Bill. It was easy to confer with them, for, out of the respect which even her opponents felt for Dorothea, a room was set apart for her use in the State house.

One evening, an uncouth, rough statesman from the country, blunt in his feelings and his words, declared in the House that the 'wants of the insane in New Jersey were all humbug.' Towards midnight, he came with a number of other senators, to argue with Miss Dix and prove to her that her plans were foolish and uncalled for.

Dorothea's turn came to speak, and moved by deep pity for the miseries she longed to help, and brave in the thought that God had called her to the work, she spoke words that brought conviction with them. The rough countryman listened silently. At last he rose and spoke thus:—'Ma'am, I bid you good night. I do not want for my part to hear anything more: the others can stay if they want to. I am convinced: you've conquered me out and out. I shall vote for the Hospital. If you'll come to the House and talk there as you have done here, no

man that isn't a brute can stand you: and so, when a man's convinced that's enongh. The Lord bless you.' With these words he left the room.

During the progress of the Bill, however, many hard things were said of Miss Dix in the House at night, and reported in the papers next day. It mattered not to her. She carried on her work patiently through evil and good report, and was contented when she converted members to her views, one after another, in private, by her arguments. Great was her trust in the staunch, faithful Quakers of New Jersey, to whom right was *always* right and wrong was *always* wrong; who never gave way to motives of expediency, because a certain course might be safe or politic, and who never voted for the sake of winning popular favour.

Week after week passed and Dorothea prayed, and trusted, and worked. At length, one memorable evening, the end of the long time of suspense came. The votes were taken in the State House, and a friendly senator sent her the joyful news—'I am happy to announce to you the passage unanimously of the Bill for the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum.'

Congratulations now poured in on Dorothea, and the sympathy thus shown was welcome. But her heart was ringing its own joy bells and she was constantly giving thanks for the victory that had been won. Perhaps the most welcome greeting that came to her was from the lips of a poor mad-

man, in one of the intervals of sanity which had visited him since Miss Dix had removed him from his wretched prison and given him new hope in life. When he heard the result of her labours in New Jersey, he lifted his trembling hands and said, 'God's spirit bids this message to you, saying it is his work you are doing: lo! it shall prosper in your hands.'

CHAPTER V.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

IT was in the winter of 1841 that Dorothea Dix, in feeble health, a lonely woman, without interests in her life, had gone to East Cambridge one Sunday, to teach a class of women in the prison. In doing so, she had taken a step which led, as we have seen, to great results. After that visit, she had gone on her way from one terrible scene to another, haunted by the misery she witnessed, with the cries of the chained lunatics ringing in her ears.

We can guess what a happy Christmas she must have spent in 1845—the year we have now reached in the story of her life. For, by that time, bright visions had begun to mingle in her thoughts with these sad memories. The foundation stones of new asylums were already laid: a beautiful building was rising in New Jersey, and she was looking forward to changes of the same kind in other States. She loved to picture to herself great stately asylums over the land, with home-like rooms, where the patients

could have the care and treatment they needed. In imagination she saw the poor creatures wandering in the midst of sunny gardens, bright with flowers, listening to the songs of birds and breathing the pure, fresh air.

We are told that by 1845 she had visited 18 State Penitentiaries, 300 County Jails and Houses of Correction, more than 500 Almshouses, besides Hospitals and Houses of Refuge. Thanks to the attention which her memorials had drawn to the subject of the right treatment of the insane, doctors had begun to consider the matter, nurses were training, and students were preparing for work in the new hospitals; for hitherto in America, as in Europe, there were very few asylums built, and it was a rare thing to find the subject taken up by scientific men.

Yet brave Dorothea's work had really only begun. Numbers of States had still to be visited. When Christmas was over she began her labours again; and in some places it seemed as if the prospect before her was a hopeless one.

'It is *impossible* to do anything here,' were words which sometimes greeted her. She only answered 'I know no such word in my vocabulary'—and quietly persevered. Again and again, she found public opinion strongly against the expense of a State Asylum. Senators were very hard to convince against their wills. After journeying for many weeks through the length and breadth of a State

she would write her memorial and find some one to present it to the State Legislature; but, at times, so strong was the feeling against it, that it promised to be worth little more than waste paper. There were days when Dorothea felt almost worn out, when she lost all her courage and calmness and quite broke down. But this rarely happened. Usually, the greater the difficulties she had to encounter, the more resolute did she become.

One winter, after she had made a long and wearisome journey through the State of Alabama, had visited towns and villages, and searched every place where the insane paupers were confined, she sent her memorial up to the Legislature. Time passed, and all seemed to promise well. Dorothea was staying in the chief town of Alabama watching the fate of her Asylum Bill, which was then lying before the House.

Suddenly, one night, the State Capitol caught fire. The alarm bell pealed out its summons: the streets quickly filled with crowds of excited citizens; and, as the smoke and flames rose up into the dark night sky, people pictured the ruin of their State House, and thought of little else. Dorothea thought of her Asylum Bill, and knew that it was doomed. She was right. Neither senators nor citizens, after that disaster, would dream of granting public money to build a lunatic asylum. They were, one and all, resolved on saving money till they had rebuilt their Capitol.

And how did Dorothea bear the disappointment? She wrote these words to a friend—'I have recollected that God requires no more to be accomplished than He gives time for preparing, and I turn now more quietly to my work up the Hill Difficulty. The summit is cloud-capped, but I have passed amid dark and rough ways before, and shall not now give out.'

She went on working in other places, and did what she could at the same time, in Alabama. She wrote to the papers, and to men of influence in the Alabama Legislature, and left no stone unturned in trying to clear the way after this disaster, and, in two years' time, the harvest of the seed she sowed so patiently, was ready for reaping. A new State Capitol stood on the ruins of the old building; her Asylum Bill was considered again by the government. It was passed; and the money needed to build a State Asylum was granted.

Other victories followed in other States. There were long sittings in the State Houses, and excited speeches were made by the Senators, about the Asylum Bills. Then came the final voting, and the grand news, time after time, that money had been granted for the erection of the State Asylums. And all these victories were really due to the patience and energy of one faithful woman. It was wonderful to watch how powerful her influence was everywhere: how she, who was once so feeble and timid, had become the strong leader of the great army of

workers who began to press in to help the cause. 'We can do nothing without you' was the message often sent to her from some place which she had left for a while that she might go to open out a fresh field of work elsewhere. Then she had to hurry back to the old scenes, to lead the struggle again until the difficulties were overcome.

No wonder was it that joyful greetings were sent to her after each victory was won. Here is one among many others:—'How do you feel? like a general after a victory? Oh, no! much better. Like people after a shipwreck? You are saving thousands, and not by one act, but by planting institutions, and institutions of love. And when man does that, he comes nearest to his God of love and mercy.'

Dorothea used to be asked sometimes how she found strength aud ability to do all she did. She was ready with the answer, 'I am only an instrument in God's hands, and he has fitted me to perform the work.' This was quite true: but it is also true that heavenly messages may be spoken in vain if men do not listen and respond. We, who read her story, know that she had a willing spirit, and that she never 'silenced the whispers of the soul.' And these facts must be taken into account.

Who cannot picture Dorothea as she went about her mission through the United States? A gentle, dignified woman, with a clear, low voice, who shunned public notice as far as she could; a woman

whose character shone out in all she said and did, so that she shed around her an influence for good as naturally as the flowers shed their scent. Her work often led her among coarse, rough people, who had a low standard of morals—people from whom she would have shrunk away, if she had not always borne in mind, that it was just in such surroundings that she was called to speak and act. And, deep within her, lay a hidden spiritual life fed by constant prayer, and by the holy thoughts and hymns which she had stored in her memory; and herein lay her strength.

By and by, she had a new kind of work to do. She was asked to choose the places where the new asylums were to be built, and to decide upon the sort of building to be erected. Then she had to travel about in search of land for sale, where pure water was to be found, and pleasant scenery, and the right kind of soil: a railway must be at hand, or a river, so that supplies of food might be easily obtained.

This was a hard task sometimes. Landowners wanted more money for the ground she chose than the State would grant. Then a fresh search must be made; and it was no uncommon thing for people in the neighbourhood to object to the building of an asylum near their homes.

One day, in her search for the site of a new asylum for which public money had just been voted, she found some waste land lying between two rivers

—just the place for the purpose. There was a beautiful wood upon it, and meadows on which a park could be easily laid out. The ground belonged to a rich man; and, though he made no use of it, he and his family were proud of that part of their estate. He asked twice as much money for it as the State had voted for the purchase, and the people who had applied to him told Miss Dix that nothing more could be done.

Dorothea longed to make a home for the poor, mad people on this beautiful estate, and she went herself to see the owner. He told her that the land, though at a distance from his home, was precious to him and he would not sell it for less than the sum he had already mentioned. What spell was it, he wondered, that made him relent, as Dorothea told him of the numbers of suffering fellow-creatures that would be blessed by the sacrifice of what was at present dear to one family only. That evening, she received the following letter from him:—

Dear Madam,—Since seeing you to-day, I have had no other opinion (and Mrs. B. also) than that I must not stand between you and the beloved farm, regarding you, as I do, as the instrument in the hands of God, to secure this very spot for the unfortunates whose best earthly friend you are, and believing sincerely that the Almighty's blessing will not rest on, nor abide with, those who may place obstacles in your way. With Mrs. Blagden's and my own most friendly regards,

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

THOMAS BLAGDEN.

The story does not end here. A messenger went next day to Mr. Blagden, with papers concerning the sale of the land for him to sign, and found him pacing the room, wringing his hands, in great grief for the loss of his property. 'It is dear to me, and dear to my family,' he cried; 'but I won't break my word to Miss Dix. I told her she should have it, and she shall have it.' So the land was bought, and a stately asylum, which was to bring blessings to so many sufferers, rose in the wilderness. Dorothea's dreams were realized, and the happy inmates wandered at their will in the sunny park that lay round the house. It may be that Mr. Blagden, in his old age, looked back on that act of self-sacrifice as one of the brightest spots in his life.

Many stories might be told of the way in which Dorothea's influence called out the *best* side in the characters of the people she had to deal with.

> 'As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
> So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.'

While she talked to them, selfish persons became, for the time, generous; angry men grew courteous, and idlers turned to work. And this was because of what she *was*, not only because of what she did and said. To understand the power she exercised and the patience she showed, we must remember that she bore in mind the thought that there is in every human being a heavenly germ which needs wakening and fostering, which is the promise of the angel he is to become.

CHAPTER VI.

'THE GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS.'

NOW we come to the history of how Dorothea undertook a still greater task than any she had already achieved. When her friends heard of what she meant to do, they were more than ever surprised at her courage. They were used, by this time, to her long journeys; and it was an oft-repeated tale that some State had been led by her memorial to build an asylum for the friendless lunatics within its borders. But the news they heard now was that she was going to appeal to the Central Government over *all* the States for a large sum of money to be set aside for ever as a fund for the future support of all the various State asylums.

At that time, in America, far away to the west, beyond the United States and the territories that were not yet made into States, there lay vast regions of waste land. This land was public property, and was under the care of Congress, as the Central Government of the United States is called. There

were a thousand million acres in this domain, and they were of great value. Miss Dix resolved to ask Congress to grant five millions of these acres 'for the relief and support of the indigent insane in the United States.'

We must bear in mind that Congress then, as it is now, was composed of an Upper House, or Senate, and a Lower House, or House of Representatives. To these two Houses, each State in the Union sent members to represent it in Congress.

It was to this great Central Government that Miss Dix now sent up a new memorial. She told in it afresh the sad tale of the horrors she had seen in one State after another; she pointed out that the only way to grapple with the evil was to build State asylums, and that to support and enlarge these asylums in the future it was needful to grant a very large sum of public money. She showed how, in past times, grants of that waste land had been made for the building of schools and of institutions for the deaf and dumb, and she ended her memorial with these words:—

I ask relief for the East and for the West, for the North and for the South. . . . I ask for the people that which is already the property of the people. . . . I confide to you the claims of the destitute, without fear or distrust. I ask for the thirty States of the Union, 5,000,000 acres of land, of the many hundreds of millions of acres of public lands, appropriated in such a manner as shall assure the greatest benefits to all

who are in circumstances of extreme necessity, and who, through the providence of God, are *wards of the nation*, claimants on the sympathy and care of the public, through the miseries brought upon them by the sorest affliction with which humanity can be visited.

Respectfully submitted,

D. L. D.

Washington, June 25th, 1848.

Dorothea had made friends of many of the chief representatives to Congress during her past journeys through the different States. These men at once felt interest in her memorial, and the feeling quickly spread among those who were strangers to her, but who knew about her former work. Thousands of copies were printed, that all the members of Congress might be able to study the memorial.

At first, all seemed to promise well; and in course of time a Bill called the 'Five Million Acre Bill' lay before Congress. It was read in the Senate, and the friends of Miss Dix were full of hope. She came to stay in Washington, the seat of government, that she might watch the fate of her Bill, and a committee-room was set apart for her use in the Capitol. There, senators and members of the House of Representatives came to talk over the subject with her, and she urged them, with all the arguments she could use, to give their votes in favour of this Bill. Numbers promised to do so. But time passed, and the prospects of the Bill began to look gloomy.

For see what happened. It was well-known throughout the States that the Five Million Acre Bill was lying before Congress; and there was not a town of any importance where men, talking over the news of the day, did not have something to say about the proposed grant of public land. And it came about that, at last, a cry arose from many places against the scheme. It was said that no more of those waste lands ought to pass away out of the possession of the people—that they should be all kept for sale, and the money thus gained should be paid into the public purse. It mattered not that a thousand million acres lay waste in the far West; these objectors had no room in their minds for the thoughts and deeds of mercy to which Miss Dix was giving up her life.

And now what came of this outburst of public opinion against the Bill? The result was that many members of Congress, who were cowards and time-servers, would no longer support it. They owed their position in the Senate, or the House of Representatives, to the votes of the people of the United States, and their chief thought was not what was right and just, but how they could gain popularity.

After this, there seemed no longer any hope that the Bill would pass. Weeks passed away—still it was laid aside. Dorothea worked and waited. At last the fate of her Bill was sealed. It was to be considered no further that Session.

Was this the end of all her labours? Any one less brave than she would have lost all hope and made no further effort. But her story tells us that, in another year's time, she was to be seen again in her old place in the Capitol. Once more she was asking for a grant of public land—but *this* time she did not petition Congress for five million acres, but for more than twelve million acres. This was a space of land one third the size of the whole extent of England and Wales, and she proposed to use the money from its sale not only for the insane, but also for the blind, deaf and dumb paupers of the United States.

Was ever any woman more faithful to a great aim in life than Dorothea Dix? Picture her rising at four or five o'clock in the morning to answer the business letters that poured in upon her, that she might be free through the later hours of the day to discuss the Bill with the members who came in to see her. Patiently she would repeat the same arguments again and again, and go through all the heavy work that had to be done, however great might be her exhaustion and pain.

There could be no rest for Dorothea till the fate of her Bill was settled. Now, more truly than ever, might her fellow-workers say to her, 'We can do nothing without you.' Now, more than ever, might her friends marvel at her endurance and courage. The fact was that deep within her inmost being lay an endless store of strength fed from an Unseen

Source. Early in the morning, when the world about her was still asleep, she was seeking help for the dawning day in prayer. All through the after hours, so full of cares and pressing work, the familiar words of hymns, with which her memory was stored, kept coming, true to long habit, to refresh her weary soul, like drops of water on a thirsty plant.

The long summer days passed slowly by. Dorothea stayed at her post in the city, and would not listen to the entreaties of her friends who begged her to seek a little rest and change in the fresh air of the country. The Bill passed the House of Representatives; but the Session came to an end before it had been considered by the Senate.

Before any Bill could become law it must not only *in the same session* pass both the House of Representatives and the Senate, it must also receive the President's signature. In the winter, Dorothea was back again in Washington to work again for her Bill in the new session of Congress. That winter—it was in 1851—the joyful news came to her that the *Senate* had passed the Bill by a large majority. Still the House of Representatives must pass it before it could be signed by the President, and one delay followed another. Time passed; Dorothea woke to new hopes each morning which were doomed to be disappointed before night. That Session the House of Representative did not pass

the Bill. Who could wonder if the bravest heart despaired?

To find a new field of work to which she could turn for the help and comfort of her fellow-creatures; this was what Dorothea longed for, in her heavy disappointment. And lo! another 'lead of Providence' seemed to beckon her clearly, and she rose up to follow the summons.

The way opened for her to go to Newfoundland, to try to establish an asylum there for the poor insane people of that great island. So in June, 1853, she set sail for St. John's, the chief town lying at the eastern point of the island, where the full force of the great Atlantic breakers beats upon the exposed coast. Perhaps, in none of the twenty States, where her spacious asylums were built and in good working order, had she met with greater difficulties than she did now in Newfoundland. She had also perils by sea to encounter as she made her way from one settlement to another on the coast of the island: for even in the middle of summer, sudden storms are apt to arise there. Brave as she was, Dorothea had so great a dread of the sea that in calm weather a voyage was a trial to her. So we can well imagine, that nothing but a sense of duty led her to sail round the wind-blown shores of Newfoundland.

While she was at St. John's, a fearful storm arose. It raged for many days and nights, and she watched the huge white billows roll in to shore, and

heard the roar they made as they broke on the rocks for miles along the coast, while the wind blew over the ocean in stinging gusts carrying the spray far inland.

The storm died away at last, and a calm settled down on the face of the water. Then reports began to come to St. John's of ships that were missing: of wrecks lying among the reefs and sand-banks far away from shore. Dorothea heard men talk of the 'grave-yard of ships'—the name given to a desolate island lying in the Atlantic to the south-west of Newfoundland. Sunken rocks and shoals of sand stretched out beyond it into the ocean, and on these rocks many a gallant ship had foundered and been seen no more. No lighthouse could be built upon those shifting sands; and Sable Island lay in storm and fog with a long line of coast which could not be distinguished out at sea from the surf upon the rocks. Spars and masts were driven upon the shore by the waves, and left a ghastly record of the vessels that had gone down upon the hidden reefs.

It was true that a strong building had been erected on the island and that seamen were placed there to give relief to ship-wrecked crews. This was a great change from the days when pirates and wreckers were in hiding there, who plundered the ships that were driven in by storm, and murdered any sailor who chanced to reach the land. Still, wrecks took place whenever a great storm arose, and it was said there were no boats strong enough on the island to weather the tremendous seas.

Dorothea heard of this 'grave-yard of ships' when she was in the midst of her asylum work at St. John's. She pictured the shipwrecked men signalling in vain to the island for help in their distress; and she said to herself, just as she had said long ago when she heard of the misery of the insane people in East Cambridge gaol, 'I will go and see if nothing can be done in this matter.'

'Don't go,' said many warning voices at St. John's. She was told of the dangers of the voyage to Sable Island; of the changes of wind that were apt at any time to bring fogs or storms. She was told that she might be kept by bad weather on the bleak, lonely island.

Dorothea shook her head in reply. She could not rest in ease and safety if, by running risks herself, she could do good anywhere, and she set sail from St. John's.

She reached the island safely, and found shelter in the 'relief building,' where the lifeboat men lived. One of the rough little ponies, that are born and bred in Sable Island, carried her about to explore the place. She surprised the sailors by her energy and horsemanship. They were to marvel still more at their visitor's deeds, before she left the island.

On the day after her arrival, a fog came up from the Atlantic. Dorothea watched it settle down upon the reef of rocks which lay out at sea covered by long lines of foam. Then she saw the wall of dense mist creeping up to the shore on which

she stood, till, at last, the nearest waves were hidden from her sight. In a few hours, the report of a gun, fired behind that thick curtain of fog, proclaimed the fact that a ship was in distress.

The clumsy surf-boats were launched, and the sailors rowed away from shore towards the point whence the continued sound of firing seemed to come. 'What would happen,' thought Dorothea, 'if a fierce storm were raging? These heavy, unseaworthy boats would not then be of the slightest use.' She rode along the south shore, on her rough little pony, and was in time to see the surf-boats come in, laden with the crew of a fine steamer bound for Labrador. The sailors had a sad tale to tell, and Dorothea heard it. The captain of the ship had become insane from grief and terror, and had refused to leave her. His sailors, though they respected and loved their commander, had left him to his fate.

As usual, Dorothea had only to speak to make her influence felt. She besought them to go back to the sinking vessel and bind the captain hand and foot and carry him on to the surf boat. As soon as the boat on its return touched the shore, she was found waiting there. With her own hand she cut the ropes and set the mad man free; then took him by the hand and led him, speaking soothing words to him the while, into the boat house. At the sound of her voice, and under her gentle touch, he grew calm; all sign of the sudden frenzy that had seized

him passed away. He thanked the sailors who had saved his life, and only food and rest were needed to restore him.

This alone would have repaid Dorothea for her voyage to Sable Island: but other good results were to follow her visit there. She now knew by personal experience, that the island surf-boats were unfit to face a storm. She said nothing of her plans, however, but as soon as her asylum-work in St. John's was ended, she hurried back to the States.

When she reached Boston, her first step was to write to various wealthy merchants in some of the large cities—men to whom she was well known. She told them what she had learned in her visit to Sable Island; pointed out the urgent need for better lifeboats, and laid upon them the duty of providing money to build them. Promises of large sums came in reply to her letters: there was no need to fear any want of funds. But Dorothea knew nothing about boat-building. Her next step must be to find some person able to advise her in the matter.

Now, among the many public men in Boston whom she had learned, by long experience, to trust, was a certain Captain Forbes, chairman of the Humane Society of Boston, who was well versed in the business of ship-building. He, too, was ready to help when Dorothea called upon him. He superintended in Boston the building of a fine lifeboat, and went to New York to overlook

the progress of others which were being made in that city. By the month of November in the same year as that in which Dorothea's visit to Sable Island had taken place, a little fleet of lifeboats was ready to go out there. They were collected together, and she went down to the shore, one stormy day, to watch them ride gallantly over the breakers on their trial trip—the 'Reliance,' the 'Samaritan,' the 'Rescue,' and the 'Victoria of Boston.'

To lessen the chances of mishap at sea, they were not all sent at the same time on their perilous voyage. The 'Victoria' arrived safely at Halifax on her way to Sable Island; but weeks passed and nothing was heard of the brig which carried the three other lifeboats. At last came mournful news. Violent winds had driven the brig ashore on the coast of Nova Scotia, and she had become a total wreck. The lifeboats, broken and useless, were sent back in course of time to be repaired at New York.

In nine months, after many wearisome delays, the boats reached Sable Island. They were in time for use by the winter of 1854.

Meanwhile, heavy boxes were shipped out from the mainland to the relief station. They were found to contain many hundreds of books to form a library for the men to cheer their dreary life, and were sent by Miss Dix as the gift of friends in Boston—booksellers and others. They too had been ready to give of their possessions, when she touched their hearts.

Thus, a little spark of kindness may be kindled, and the flame will spread, if even a single soul is bent on helping and blessing some barren corner of the world.

We shall hear again of Sable Island. Now our story takes us back to Washington, where, at the opening of the session of 1854, Dorothea resolved to try once more to gain the grant of public land from Congress.

CHAPTER VII.

FAILURE, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

THE Capitol at Washington stands upon a hill, and the Statue of Liberty, on the top of its great dome, can be seen from far away. Wide flights of steps lead up to the porticoes and colonnade, which, as soon as Congress opens, are thronged with statesmen bent on the affairs of the nation.

We must picture Dorothea, once more, in her committee-room in the Capitol, in the midst of all the work and excitement that have been described before. The session of 1854 had begun; and thousands of copies of her memorial had again been printed and read by the members. To Dorothea, the very air seemed full of whispers which brought hope to her. For the great wave of popular feeling against the free gift of waste lands had died away, and now, when her Bill lay before Congress, she felt secure of the votes of great numbers of members of both Houses.

This session, the Bill was considered first in the *Senate*. Dorothea read the speeches made by the

senators, and watched for any signs of wavering in the speakers, that she might know in what direction her influence must be brought to bear. Her room was visited every day by statesmen, who came to consult her. They had ceased to think it strange that this gentle, low-voiced woman could sway a whole nation, through its representatives in Congress, by the power of her character and will.

In the month of March, 1854, the Bill passed the Senate by a large majority. 'In my heart,' she wrote, 'I think the very opponents are glad, and as I rejoice quietly and silently, I feel it is the Lord who has made my mountain to stand strong.'

Still, the Bill had to pass the House of Representatives, and for five months more, Dorothea must work for many long hours each day, and bear, as well as she could, the painful suspense. The hot weather came; her strength failed, and she had violent attacks of pain. Still she would not give way. At last, the Bill passed the *second* House. Well might Dorothea then believe that the fruit of her long labours was at hand. It seemed to her that this was the happiest year of her life. The voice of the nation had spoken through Congress, and granted the much needed gift. Who can guess what visions of prosperous asylums, with peaceful gardens, filled her mind? There was no need any longer to fear for their future support. Those vast acres of land, lying far away in the west, would provide the needed income for ever. Nothing was

wanting now except the president's signature to the Bill.

Numbers of letters poured in upon her, letters from old friends, from public men whom the State held in honour, and from unknown citizens, who could not keep silence at such a time. All were glad that the victory was won. She was ill: her nerves were strained by the long suspense and the hard work of so many months; but this sympathy was very cheering. A few more days, and she could rest. So thought her anxious friends. Dorothea thought that it mattered little what became of her, if only the cause was won for which she had spent her strength.

While matters were in this state, a rumour arose —a little whisper, which one man repeated to another under his breath, as if he feared to be the one to spread such a report—a rumour that the President had refused to sign the Bill. In due course, Miss Dix heard it. For a moment she was stunned by the news; then she cast the rumour on one side as an idle tale, and refused to believe it. Nevertheless, the report was true. The President had vetoed the Bill.

A long story might be told of his motives and of the arguments which were brought against them by some of the foremost members of Congress. It is enough here to say that the Bill was doomed. Yet, surely, the long labours of Dorothea Dix and her helpers had not been in vain. The world was the

better for them, though they had failed to bring about the end in view.

The unexpected blow fell heavily upon her. She sank beneath it. She lost hope; and thought that it was no use for her to try to do any more good in her native land. As soon as she was strong enough, she sailed for England in the steamship 'Arctic.' For she knew that her advisers were right who told her that she needed change of scene and rest.

The owners of the vessel asked leave to present her with her passage, and they set apart a state-room in the 'Arctic' for her sole use. One of the Firm met her as she came on board; and holding out his hands to welcome her, he said, 'the nation, madam, owes you a debt of gratitude which it can never repay, and of which I, as an individual, am only too happy to be thus privileged to mark my sense.' Weary and worn, Miss Dix quite broke down when she heard this friendly greeting.

She was weak and ill throughout the voyage; yet her old habit of doing kindnesses to everyone she came near, did not forsake her. Many passengers, who crossed the Atlantic with her that autumn, remembered all their lives their intercourse with the unselfish invalid, whose name they had heard so constantly spoken with honour, during their recent visit to the States.

Dorothea was on her way to visit her friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Rathbone, in Liverpool. They

had watched with deep interest the course of her busy life during the eighteen years that had passed since they parted from her. What a change in mind and memory those years of unselfish work had wrought in her!

She rested at Green Bank for a few weeks, and then went for a short tour in Ireland. While there, she paid a visit to Lord Ross's telescope, at that time the finest in the world. To stand on the great gallery at midnight, and look up through the mighty tube at the host of heavenly bodies, brought suddenly to view, was even a greater refreshment to Dorothea than to wander among the beautiful lakes and mountains of Ireland. The sight seemed to speak to her of the insignificance of earthly trials and disappointments, and of the wise Providence that guides the lives of men.

While Miss Dix was still in Ireland, the life-boats reached Sable Island in safety; and now we must hear something more of the 'graveyard of ships.'

Scarcely had the little fleet been drawn up on the beach at Sable Island and placed in the safe shelter provided for it, before the first signs of a gathering storm were seen—the whistling wind, the scudding clouds, and the flying surf. The waves, rolling inland, broke into foam on the rocks, the wind roared, and as night advanced, the tempest gained its height. Next morning, far out upon the reef, lay a great emigrant ship with the sea sweeping over her bows. The cries of the passengers,

wrecked within sight of land, were borne on the wind to the island.

The old surf-boats were useless in such a storm. The 'Reliance,' the strongest of the life-boats which had just reached Sable Island, made trip after trip to the reef. The brave men, who rowed so fearlessly, risked their lives, till passengers and crew were all saved.

The account of this rescue met Miss Dix when she came back from Ireland to 'Greenbank.' A letter, telling all about it, was sent by the Superintendent of the Relief Station on Sable Island to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and forwarded to her from there. Here is a sentence from the letter: 'I am sure that our benevolent friend, Miss Dix, will feel herself more than compensated for her great exertions in behalf of Sable Island Establishment, when she becomes acquainted with what we have already done through the means she furnished, and we, with many others, have reason to thank God that her good works have been felt on Sable Island. For my own part, I shall think of her with feelings of gratitude while memory lasts.'

Within twelve months from the date of that shipwreck, a new surprise came to the little company of brave men on Sable Island. Gold and silver medals were sent to them, at the request of Miss Dix, from the Royal Benevolent Society in London; and, with the medals, came a letter from herself to their Superintendent. These are some of the words she wrote:

'No reward can measure with such services, and no wages recompense them. Life is hazarded to save life, and selfish considerations are absorbed in exertions to rescue those whose sole human dependence rests on your heroism and effective action. Yet, I believe you will highly value the bestowal of the gold and silver medals of the Royal Benevolent Society, unanimously awarded, affording, as it does, evidence that your services in the lonely and desolate island are honorably estimated, and gratefully recorded. I beg you will convey to the seamen serving under you the expression of my confidence in the continued discharge of their duty, and my prayer that as you and they in the hour which tries men's souls have given help to the helpless, so you all, in your time of need, when more than human strength is wanted, may find that succour which shall guide *your* life-boat safely into the Haven of Salvation, and land you with joy upon the shores of Eternal Life. Your friend, D. L. Dix.'

So ends the story of Dorothea's work in Sable Island.

After a few more weeks' rest, with her old friends at 'Greenbank,' she longed to be about her mission again, and resolved to visit lunatic asylums in Great Britain, hoping to learn lessons in the treatment of the insane which would be of use in America. She went to York, and thence to Edinburgh, and now something must be told of her adventures in Scotland. She found good asylums for the wealthy;

but, as had been the case in the United States, there was no provision made for the care of the insane who were poor and friendless. So she began in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh the kind of search that she had made in her native land.

Her friends wrote to her to beg her not to undertake the work. They told her that all her efforts would be useless, and that it would be thought impertinent for an American to interfere thus in Great Britain. But Dorothea had heard a new 'whisper of the soul,' and she must obey it. What did it matter to her whether her work lay in the old or the new world? In both lands, the sufferers were her brothers and sisters—all children of the Heavenly Father.

There is no need to describe the misery she met with. Enough has been said on the subject in the early part of her story. To use her own words, she found, as she had done in the United States, that the poor creatures were confined in 'cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens,—chained, naked, beaten with rods and lashed into obedience'; and that this cruel treatment went on in secret, unknown to the authorities in the towns and to the people at large.

Meanwhile, in the house of a leading citizen in Edinburgh, she one day met a lady, who told her that help was greatly needed by the insane paupers in the Channel Islands. 'I laid up these things in my mind,' wrote Dorothea, to a friend, and she went on with her inquiries round Edinburgh.

When her search was at an end, she made known what she had discovered, and many of the Town councillors and public men were anxious to reform such a terrible state of affairs. It was agreed that the case must be laid before the Home Secretary in London. And now came the question who would undertake the task? One councillor after another refused—business engagements prevented some of them, and they pressed Miss Dix to apply to the Home Secretary herself.

Now there were also in Edinburgh certain men in power, who were angry with Miss Dix for her interference. Some of them spoke of her as the 'American Invader'; and for various reasons, they wished to prevent her from telling her tale at the Home Office in London. So, a plan was formed to send one of their number in advance, who should gain the hearing of the Home Secretary, and prevent her from having an interview with him.

The news of this scheme was told to Miss Dix. There was no time to be lost: she hesitated no longer—she would run a race with this messenger: and counting the money in her purse, and wrapping herself in a warm cloak, she set off by the night mail train, speeding through the bleak country in the small hours of a winter's night.

Dorothea had never been in London. She did not know the Home Secretary, or any statesman then in power; but, the next day, while the Edinburgh envoy was still on his way, making his plans in a

comfortable railway carriage, by daylight, she saw the Duke of Argyle and Lord Shaftesbury, and laid her facts before the Home Office.

There is no power for good greater than that of strong and noble character. Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, as he talked with Miss Dix, felt this power which lay in her. Though denials came from Edinburgh of the startling, terrible tale she told, no one could doubt that it was true, and a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the lunatic asylums in Scotland, that the needed reforms might be carried out.

Thus, Dorothea sowed her seed and the harvest sprang up in time. A Bill was passed by Parliament to amend the abuses she had made known, and to found State asylums for the insane paupers in various parts of the country.

When all her business with the Home Secretary was at an end, she went to York. There she fell ill from the effects of a chill taken during her hurried journey to London, and some friends removed her from her hotel to their own home.

Her host was a skilful doctor, and he and his wife tended her carefully. They were anxious about her feeble state and somewhat grave symptons. Yet in the silence of her room, her thoughts went out in search of her next field of work, and she recalled 'the things she had laid up in her mind' about the Channel Islands.

Dorothea believed that there is no such thing as

chance in the lives of men, and she always watched for the 'leads of Providence' in the commonest daily events. The meeting with the lady in Edinburgh, who spoke of the ill-treatment of the insane in Jersey and Guernsey, though it only took place in an ordinary afternoon call, might be one of those leadings which had hitherto been the guides of her life. So, she lay pondering the next step she should take.

It was quite in harmony with her thoughts when her host, Dr. Tuke, brought her a pamphlet to read written by a young doctor in Jersey, telling of his visits to lunatic asylums on the continent of Europe. Here was someone, she thought, who would surely know if there was any work for her to do in Jersey. And she asked Dr. Tuke to inquire about it for her.

By the next post came a reply with news that made her eager to travel to the Channel Islands without an hour's delay. 'This must help me to get well soon!' she cried, as she read the letter. But two months passed away before she was strong enough to undertake the journey.

One fact she learned from the letter was that there was no government inspection for the asylums in the Channel Islands, as there was for those that were established in England, and that, emboldened by the knowledge of this fact, an inhuman man, who gained large sums of money for the charge of patients, had founded a private asylum in Jersey. He believed there was no chance of discovery however cruel his

treatment of the inmates might be. Miss Dix was not surprised to hear in addition (for it was an old story by that time) that for the *poor* insane people there was no provision of any kind. One or two grievous histories were told in the letter, pathetic stories of poor families, in whose little homes the presence of a relative, violently insane, was wearing out the strength of those who had to guard and even chain their dear one, because there was no safe refuge for him within reach.

As soon as she could, Miss Dix crossed to Jersey, and there she found that all the statements she had heard were true. For reasons there is no room here to tell, the young doctor, whose letter had brought Miss Dix to Jersey, had power to enter the private asylum; and he took her there. We can picture her the fearless reformer, indignant at all wrong and cruelty, and we can also picture her the tender-hearted, womanly comforter in the poor homes of Jersey, where the scattered insane people were to be found. See her driving about the island in search of some large farm, or unused mansion, which, if granted for the purpose, might be turned into a well managed hospital. And lastly, picture her before the governers of the island, pleading with them to reform the evils in their midst, which she described in burning words.

Like the magician in the old story, who had only to rub his lamp and lo! numbers of spirits were at hand to fulfil his commands; so Dorothea, in

Jersey, had only to speak her brave, true words, that always carried conviction with them, and helpers rose up to carry out her designs. Mr. Pothecary, the cruel asylum keeper, was taken into custody by order of the Governor of Jersey, and a resolution was passed unanimously by the committee, called at Government House, to build a hospital in Jersey for one hundred insane patients.

CHAPTER VIII.

'MOUNTAINS OF DIFFICULTY.'

NEARLY a year had gone by since the news reached Dorothea that the President had refused to sign the bill on which her hopes were set. Change of scene and lapse of time had done wonders for her. She was no longer hopeless about her future work in America, and she often longed to see for herself how the asylums she had founded there, were faring. Letters came to her at times from their various superintendents: at last, she received a greeting, signed by all these governors, in which they told her how much her presence was needed, and begged her to return and resume her old work again. But the time for this had not yet come, and we have to hear of her wonderful doings on the continent of Europe before we recross the Atlantic with her.

Dorothea's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, of Greenbank, were in Switzerland; and they pressed her to join them there that she might gain strength for future work in the bracing Alpine air. They were glad to remember that there were no asylums to

visit among the Alps, and that she might have a restful holiday so long as she stayed there.

She went to Switzerland: and for a short time she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the flowers and the mountain views; and found great interest in the study of the glaciers and the rocks of the regions she visited. For many years she had had no time to give to such studies, and it way a joy to her to return to them for a few weeks. She feasted her eyes on the grand snow peaks of the Alps, and the memory of their wonderful beauty refreshed her through all her after life.

Meanwhile, she planned fresh work. When her friends went back to England, she set forth alone to visit asylums and prisons in different European countries. If possible, she resolved to go on to Palestine and thus gratify one of the great longings of her youth—a longing which was no less strong in her middle age. She knew no language except English and a very little French. She was going to make her tour friendless and alone; but, by some means, she meant to gain an entrance into every buiding she wished to examine in which lunatics were confined.

There is no space here for details of her travels. Picture her in Paris, Naples, Turin, Florence, and Rome; a Protestant and a foreigner in Roman Catholic countries, all new to her; and in most cases she was a stranger to the language of the people. Yet keepers and gaolers gave way before her per-

sonal influence, and the 'whispers of the soul' supported her in the fearful scenes she often witnessed.

'Mountains of difficulty' lay before her she tells us; but we know what a brave pilgrim she always was, and we can guess beforehand that she left none of these mountains unclimbed. In Rome she saw so much in the city asylum that needed reforming that she resolved to appeal to the Pope himself, and Cardinal Antonelli gained for her an interview with his Holiness.

The Pope, Pius IX., was shocked by what she told him, and drove to the asylum in Rome to inspect the wards. After that, he sent for Miss Dix again: told her his grief for the misery he had seen, promised it should be remedied, and thanked her for all she had done. Then Dorothea Dix, the heretic out of a far-off Protestant country, knelt down gladly and kissed the Pope's hand with reverence. The spirit of loving service to man can break down all barriers of race and creed.

No one will wonder to hear that Dorothea could not find time to visit the grand buildings and works of art which usually draw travellers to Italy. Her days were spent in hospitals and prisons, not in churches and picture-galleries. On she went, from one Italian city to another, bent on her mission of mercy; then into Greece, where, in Athens, she could not even stay to see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, and the wonderful ruined temples—

sights which no one would have valued more than she. It was a perilous journey; in each public transport carriage sat an armed soldier, while a bodyguard marched in close file beside it for defence against bandits.

Patiently exploring, she passed on into Turkey, and visited the gaols and asylums in Constantinople and Scutari, appealing always to the authorities to right what was wrong, joyfully acknowledging all management that was wise and good, a grateful learner when she met with any new plans that might help her in her asylum work at home. Up the Danube to Vienna; and then her way led her into Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and part of Germany. At one point in her long journey she was only twelve days' distance from Jerusalem. It had been one of her greatest wishes to go there, but she found she had no money to spend on a journey that would have been merely a pleasure to herself. Therefore she left Palestine unvisited, and came back, through France, to England.

Not long after her return to Liverpool, she embarked for New York. It is good to know that she had many farewell letters full of gratitude for all she had done in Great Britain, and a vote of thanks was passed to her in the House of Commons.

At home joyful welcomes greeted her. Her friends were eager that she should now cease from travelling and write the story of her life. 'Tell the world,' they said, 'all you know so well how to

teach, and leave behind you a record of the work that you have done.' But Dorothea still saw more work waiting for her, and while this was the case she could not rest.

So we must picture her again on her travels through the States, making long railway journeys without stopping to rest at night, driving over half-made roads that led her through wild, desolate reaches of country, or sailing down the rivers in unsafe, comfortless steamers at risk of health, and even life. Storms might blow fiercely, and snow might fall. Nothing kept her from her purpose, if she thought she was needed anywhere.

And here the pleasant fact must be told that, during the long years in which she had been an unwearied traveller up and down the United States, it had been the habit of railway companies to give her free passage over their lines. They did so again on her return to America in 1856; so she went with little cost on her visits to the asylums she had founded. Some of the buildings which had been erected many years before, she found to be in great want of money for their support, others needed enlarging. She now made it her business to raise large sums for these purposes. Sometimes this was done by means of gifts from wealthy merchants: at other times, by public grants, for which bills had to be passed by the Legislatures of the various States.

And though busy over these great schemes, she did not neglect the smaller needs of her asylums.

She had plans for making them homelike, and adorning their wards; for providing little pleasures and work for the poor patients. Miss Dix was very sure that if everyone tried to do some kindnesses, and to help in some way towards the general good, the world would very soon become 'as the garden of the Lord'; and she used to induce everyone she could influence, even children, to help in some way in the work she was about.

Wonderful changes had been taking place during the past ten years in the great continent of America. While Dorothea was in Europe, settlers had gone out westward from the busy cities in the States, and planted themselves in little colonies on the verge of the great prairies and forests that reach to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Since she first began her work, new towns had sprung up in those far away regions; and one of the great territories, that were really in size like kingdoms in the Old World, had been added, as a new State, to the Union. This was Texas, an unknown land to Dorothea. But there, in this huge, new State, out in the wilderness, lay scattered towns; and there were no asylums in them.

In 1859, she resolved to go out to Texas, and see what she could do to help in this matter there. To reach the Texan coast, she had to cross the Gulf of Mexico, and in a storm the vessel on which she was a passenger, nearly foundered. She landed, and went on her way, driving over the rough

log roads which led through dreary country, passing, at long intervals a little colony of wooden huts, and, much more seldom, a growing town.

Yet, that vast new State seemed to Dorothea to have many kind people in it. She was a pilgrim in an unknown country, where she expected to find none but strangers, and to her surprise her name was a familiar one there, and welcomes met her constantly.

One day, in her wanderings, she reached a little public house on the borders of a prairie, where the stage passengers were all to dine. They were all men, except herself; and when she took out her purse to pay her share for the meal, the rough owner of the tavern, standing with the list of passengers in his hand, drew back, saying—'No! no, by George! I don't take money from you. Why, I never thought I should see you, and now you're in my house. You have done good to everybody for years and years. Make sure now, there's a home for you in every house in Texas. Here, wife, this is Miss Dix. Shake hands and call the children!'

Is not this truly the story of a happy woman, though she had no settled home, was in constant ill-health and in frequent perils by land and water, her life spent in hard and unceasing work, often in scenes of misery and in the company of uncongenial and even brutal people? Let us turn back and think of her eighteen years before, and picture her to ourselves again as a young woman, with money

and time at her command, sitting in her lonely home, with a sad heart, because she had no purpose in her life, and no one seemed to want her help or care.

The call to a special mission in the wide world comes to few of us: but the 'leadings of providence' come to all alike, and summon us, if we will listen to them, to be helpers, in countless ways, in the corners of the world in which we live. Surely it is the helpers, who are ready and unselfish, who are the really happy people of the world.

Who can wonder that Dorothea Dix found friends springing up to greet her wherever she went? It was not uncommon, when she revisited a State where she had toiled in former days for the good of so many wretched people, for the Senators to meet together and receive her with some such words as the following: 'Our State will always welcome you as a home, and so shall we at our firesides among the wives and children.' It was an easy matter now to her to collect money to enlarge and support the State asylums. People knew and trusted her, and they gladly gave her of their wealth.

Dorothea had been a hero worshipper in her youth. As she grew older, it is said that her thoughts turned more and more in reverence to the example of Christ. She had longed to go to Palestine to tread the earth on which he had walked, and the words, 'he went about doing good,' served as a kind of motto for the guidance of her own life. So

she was never satisfied to confine herself solely to her asylum work. She was always on the watch for any way, small or great, in which she could help anyone, and people came to her instinctively for advice and assistance.

One day, when she was in the State House at Albany, waiting to take counsel with Senators and men of influence in the city concerning the needs of a local asylum, she heard a voice behind her say—'Here's Miss Dix, come and tell her your story!' Turning round, she saw an Indian chief, in the strange dress of his tribe, whom the speaker, a white man of Albany, was leading to her. He had met the Indian wandering in the streets of Albany, terrified by city sounds, and burdened by a great trouble. The white man was poor and without influence; but he knew Miss Dix was at hand in the State House, and if the Indian's story could be made known to her, he was sure all would be well.

Miss Dix at once inquired into the matter and learned that the home of the Chief was in an Indian village, more than a hundred miles from Albany: that he was seeking some Indian boys who had been tempted away from their homes by the false promises of a company of showmen from New York. One of the lads had escaped from his captors and found his way back to his native village with the news that the others were in captivity in New York. There, their new masters kept close watch over them, lest they should make their escape

before the ship sailed in which they were to be taken to England. The showmen hoped to make money in English towns by exhibiting these stolen Indian boys in their travelling circus.

Straightway, Dorothea took the Indian into the State House and told his tale to some one in authority. The grateful chief found, as everyone did who was in trouble and came to her, that Miss Dix did not rest till the wrong was righted. The matter was referred to the head of the police in New York, and the Indian boys were restored to their homes.

Numbers of instances might be given of the way in which people in trouble sought advice from Dorothea and never failed to gain the help they needed. 'There are angels with you: they have given you their voice,' said a poor lunatic to her one day. He was not far from the right. Wiser people than he have had similar thoughts at times of other great helpers of the world. For all God's heroes and heroines are strong and wise because they listen to His whispers in the soul.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WAR TIME.

THE year 1859 came to an end, and a great crisis was at hand in the United States. The following year a new president was to be chosen to rule over the thirty millions of people who lived in the land. As the months of the new year passed by the excitement grew greater. As Miss Dix travelled sometimes in the Northern, sometimes in the Southern States, she found everywhere that a great storm was gathering. She foresaw that the coming election would lead to civil war.

There were Southern Slave States in the Union. There were also in the Union, Northern States where every man was free. Slave States and Free States were governed by the same President, and each State sent its representatives to Congress. Now, for some time past the power of the Slave States had been increasing. The slave trade and slave labour had been carried into the territories of the west, and it was the aim of the Southerners, as soon as ever one of these territories was taken as a new State into

the Union, to add it to the number of the Slave States. Members sent up from it to Congress would then vote in favour of slave labour. It may be said that even in the year 1859 most of the new laws passed by the Government of the United States upheld slavery.

The men of the free North were indignant, and their angry protests were constantly rising. The Southerners only grew the more resolute. The question, therefore, which now stirred the whole nation to its very heart was in regard to the new President. Would he favour slavery?

In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. He bound himself to preserve the Union; but he was firmly resolved that slavery should not extend any further on the free lands of the North and West.

Then the storm broke. The Southern States rebelled. The first shot in the Civil War was fired from Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour, South Carolina, and the new President called for 75,000 volunteers to defend Washington and its Capitol.

Dorothea knew now that her work was at an end. This grieved her deeply; but the terrible plight of her native land filled most of her thoughts; and she determined to devote herself to the work of nursing the wounded soldiers so long as the war lasted. She was resting for a day or two, after a long and wearisome journey, when the news reached her that regiments of volunteers had left Massachusetts for

Washington. On their way through Baltimore, they had been surrounded by a mob of men, favouring the South and slavery, and great numbers of volunteers, who failed to fight their way through the city, had been slain. Dorothea, without delay, rose up to follow the volunteers to Washington. Three hours after the fight had taken place in the Baltimore streets, while the dead still lay unburied, she made her way through the excited crowds that filled the town, and was only just in time for the last train that ran to Washington. That night the railway bridges were broken down and communication with the North was stopped.

Miss Dix found that already public buildings in Washington were turned into hospitals; their comfortless rooms and passages had been made into wards, and wounded and dying soldiers—numbers of them mere boys—were lying there waiting for the help of surgeons and nurses. The war had begun in deadly earnest, and boat load after boat load of disabled soldiers was arriving, while away on the battle-fields hosts of others were dying in the canvas tents.

As soon as it was known that Miss Dix had come to Washington, she was appointed superintendent of all the women nurses. The management of the hospitals, the supplies of food and medicine, and the general oversight of all that was done for the wounded soldiers, so long as the war lasted—all these duties were given into her charge: more-

battle fields. The flags of the United States hang over the entrance door. These flags were presented by the United States Government to Miss Dix when the war was over, as a thank-offering for her labours, and she sent them to the Memorial Hall.

One memory of those four sad years was very precious to Dorothea. It was the memory of the brave patience with which the wounded soldiers had borne their cruel sufferings. Thousands of them lay buried in a great National Cemetery on the coast of Virginia. Her first undertaking when peace was made, was to raise money to build a granite monument 'in Memory of Union Soldiers who Died to maintain the Laws.' And there it stands on the sea-coast, its shining obelisk rising seventy-five feet high—a land-mark to the ships as they come in from sea.

But the war had left her work to do also for the living. Numbers of soldiers, who had not died from their wounds, had gone out of the various hospitals crippled and useless. Nurses had broken down in consequence of over work, and for all these Miss Dix sought help at the War Office. When she asked Government for pensions, they were willingly granted. Then, for eighteen months more, she was occupied with replies to the friends of the dead soldiers who wrote to her after having received the messages she had sent to them from the dying men.

'Thank heaven! the war is over. I would that

its memories could pass away.' So wrote Dorothea after peace was proclaimed, and this wish filled the minds of multitudes of people in the Northern and Southern States. For men who had met in fierce hand to hand conflict on the battle fields, could not settle down at once in good will as if nothing had happened to divide them. Bitter feelings remained, and rankled on either side in the hearts of those who had been enemies for four long years.

Dorothea, as we know, had made many warm friends among the Southerners. She had founded asylums in the towns of the Southern States by the help of generous grants of money from their Governments and citizens. But when these Southern States broke away from the Union, and formed themselves into rebel States, her feeling towards them quite changed. She was indignant, and her sympathies were all with the free Northern States. When, at length, the Confederate army surrendered, and both war and slavery were at an end, she asked herself if ever the sore feeling *could* be healed, and all the sad memories of treachery and wrong doing be buried? By and by, letters came in great numbers to her from the Southern States, telling her of the ruin wrought by the war, of how greatly the asylums had suffered, and begging her to come, as in old times, to their help.

Was not this a chance to weave new bonds of friendship between the North and South? Would not bitterness pass away before messengers of good-

will? Dorothea thought it might be so; and her work, which she had already begun again in the Northern and Middle States, she now took up also in the South. Her thousand-mile journeys were renewed; and as she went over the States, like an angel of mercy, helping everywhere, it seemed to many people as if the North and South shook hands again through her act.

It must have comforted her greatly to think that, in some degree, she was thus helping to heal the breach which parted old friends and neighbours. Certainly, she needed comfort. For she found her former work had much of it to be done over again. During the war, her asylums had been neglected; the buildings needed repair, and they were badly managed. There were again numbers of poor and friendless lunatics to be sought out in towns and villages, and cared for.

She was now old and white haired, and her frame was becoming feeble; but her love of right was as strong, and her will as resolute, as ever. Perhaps her work during the war had made her more decided in manner and speech than before, and just, as in old times, when she found abuses, and carelessness, and wrong doing, she would have no half measures of reform. Strangers, who had gained posts and employment in the asylums during her long absence, marvelled at the elderly, solitary woman, at whose word bolts and bars were undone, and who was so sternly determined to carry out

what was just and right. It was no wonder that, during the war, buildings had fallen into decay, that the management of institutions had become corrupt and that unfit people had gained employment in the neglected asylums. To right these wrongs, a reformer with a strong will and a brave heart was needed, and such a reformer was Dorothea Dix.

CHAPTER X.

FAREWELL TO EARTH.

THIS wonderful life-story is drawing to a close. News came to Dorothea from far away Japan, that, in consequence of words she had spoken and efforts she had made long ago, two asylums had been opened there. 'Sow beside *all* waters' were words she had loved to use and act upon, and truly harvests were springing up in distant lands, as well as at home, from the seeds she had scattered.

The work Dorothea Dix was called to do was exceptional work; but it must be remembered that no duty was ever trifling in her eyes, that step by step she followed the leadings of Providence and valued every little chance to be of use. In the midst of her far-reaching schemes she noticed that the horses in a crowded part of Boston were hard worked, and she raised a fountain there at which the tired, thirsty creatures could stop and drink.

One night, late in the year 1881, Miss Dix reached the house of some old friends in Boston after a long journey out of some distant State. The

snow fell heavily, and the cold wind blew. She was chilled through. Her friends have told how they tried in vain to warm her, and to persuade her to rest with them. She shivered all through the night; yet early next morning, while the snow was still falling, she set off alone on a fresh errand of mercy, promising, to console their fears, that when her work in New England was done she would go further South, and soon feel better in the milder air.

On that wintry day, she was bound for Trenton, in New Jersey, to visit the first asylum she had founded, of which she sometimes spoke tenderly as her 'first born child.' When she reached her journey's end, she fell ill, and learned, in course of time, that her working days were over, and that patient waiting for death, and the bearing of great pain must take their place.

When the managers of the Trenton asylum heard this sad news, they begged her to spend the rest of her life there as an honoured guest, and set apart for her, quiet, homelike rooms with a fine view over the asylum grounds, to the winding river and the distant hills. Dorothea loved the place dearly. She had made it what it was, and she had warm friends in the resident doctor and his wife. It seemed to her like going home to take up her abode at Trenton, and she accepted the managers' invitation.

Five years followed—years of great pain and weakness, and slowly advancing disease. What a

changed life! She was like a bird which has been used to fly freely abroad now imprisoned in a narrow cage. And how sad to give up all her work while the spirit was still willing and only the flesh was weak! 'It is all right it should be so,' she said: 'it is God's will, only it is hard to bear.'

And now the words of hymns and texts, and the goodly thoughts of the great men of past ages—words which had always been dear to her—were her constant comfort. It is said that she never wrote a letter—letters were written now with a very trembling hand—without adding to it some lines of the hymns that were so dear and helpful to her.

She received great numbers of letters, and they were filled with thanks and blessings. An old pupil wrote:—

'I never think of you as grown old. You always come to me as I knew you first, crowned with rich, brown hair—the like of which no one else ever had.... Of all your pupils I am sure none loved you as I did, and do. Always shall I connect with you, if I remain longer than you, that lovely hymn of Whittier's, and my prayer shall be,—

'Still let thy mild rebukings stand
Between me and the wrong,
And thy dear memory serve to make
My faith in goodness strong.'

'You are one of my heroes,' wrote a young general, who had fought in the late war, and after it

was over, inspired by Miss Dix with a wish to restore the waste places, had founded schools for the neglected negro children in Virginia. 'You are one of my heroes. My ideal is not one who gives the flush and strength of youth to good work—for who can help doing so when a chance opens! He is a traitor who declines the chance, just as he is who doesn't fight for his country when it needs him, and he can possibly go. But you kept in the field long past your best days. Your grit and resolve have been wonderful.'

'They also serve who only stand and wait,' and our last picture of Dorothea is on her bed of pain, writing hymns with a trembling hand, and speaking loving words of greeting and counsel to the visitors who came to see her. She would ask young people what they were doing to help the world, and she would enter into all their interests and their little plans, valuing the smallest deed of kindness and helpfulness as much as she would have done such world-wide labours as those in which her own life had been spent. She suffered agonies of pain at times, her feebleness increased and her senses grew dim, yet she longed to live; for she said, 'I think even on my bed I can do something.' And yet energy and power to do had nearly left her.

And what remained? The character she had built up—the real Dorothea Dix which would last when the body had passed away. All sternness, and every shade of impatience in look or tone left

her. All was tenderness; and the spiritual life within her shone out through her countenance and spoke in every word and look.

Sometimes she was carried to the window that she might have the joy of watching the asylum patients wandering in the park below. On the evening of July 17th, 1887, she passed peacefully away. Her grave is in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston, and her memory in the hearts of all who ever knew her.

THE END.

WORKS BY W. G. TARRANT, B.A.

The Beginnings of Christendom. A Popular Sketch. Cloth 1/-.

Daily Meditations. A Manual of Devotion for Morning Use. Leather, gilt edges, 1/-.

Night unto Night. A Manual of Devotion for Evening Use. Cloth 6d., leather, gilt edges, 1/-.

LONDON: PHILIP GREEN, 5, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

THE BIBLE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By DR. H. OORT and DR. J. HOOYKAAS.

A Critical, Historical, and Religious Handbook to the Old and New Testament. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M.A.

6 vols. Cloth 21/- net.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES :—

Vol.

1. **The Generations before Moses.**
2. **From Moses to David.**
3. **From David to Josiah.**
4. **From Josiah to the Maccabees.**
5. **The Narratives of the New Testament.**
6. **Jesus, his Death and afterwards.**

The Very Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, writes in a recent issue of *The Christian World* : 'There is a remarkable book by Dr. Van Oort, written in Dutch by a pupil of the great Professor Kuenen and under his supervision called "The Bible for th Young." It has been translated into English, and goes much farther, on many points, than I should myself go ; but it is a learned and most interesting book, and it demonstrates that there need be no evaporation of any of the best lessons of Scripture even in the hands of teachers who are advanced votaries of the Higher Criticism.'

'It is eminently sensible and popular in form, and the style of the English translation is clear and simple, Its information is abreast of the most advanced thought and research ; but its erudition is not obtruded, and never introduced in a way to form any difficulty in the most simple or unlearned reader.'—*Scotsman.*

'It treats the Bible much in the same way that Dr. Arnold treated Roman history, giving at the beginning of each chapter the "legend" with which we are all familiar, then the criticism of it, and finally vindicating its title to a place in the instruction of the young by drawing such moral and religious lessons as seem to flow from the result thus obtained. All this is extremely well and attractively done, and young people who take it up are likely enough to be fascinated by it. It brings the discussions of foreign scholarship for the first time in an easy and accessible form before the general English public ; and it is one of the many indications continually pressing upon us that these subjects can no longer be safely ignored in the public teaching of the church.'—*Guardian.*

London : Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.

BIBLICAL MANUALS.

Edited by REV. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A.

Manchester College, Oxford.

'They are among the first of their kind, and they meet a real want.'—Mrs. Humphry Ward in *Nineteenth Century*.

Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived. By the EDITOR. Fourth Edition. Eighth thousand. Cloth 1/-.

The First Three Gospels: their Origin and Relations. By the EDITOR. Second Edition. Fifth thousand. Cloth 3/6.

The Method of Creation. A comparison of the Book of Nature with the Book of Genesis. By REV. HENRY W. CROSSKEY, LL.D., F.G.S. Second Edition. Fourth thousand. Cloth 1/-.

Chapters on Job. By REV. G. VANCE SMITH, B.A., Ph.D., D.D. Cloth 1/-.

The Prophecies of the Captivity (Isaiah xl-lxvi.). Explained according to the Revised Version. By REV. R. TRAVERS HERFORD, B.A. Cloth 1/6.

The Story of Jeremiah and his Times. By H. M. JOHNSON. Cloth 1/6.

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians and to Philemon. Explained and Illustrated. By REV. VALENTINE D. DAVIS, B.A. Cloth 1/6.

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. Explained and Illustrated. By REV. JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D., D. Litt., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Cloth 1/6.

The Gospel according to Mark. A study in the earliest records of the Life of Jesus. By REV. HENRY SHAEN SOLLY, M.A. Cloth 3/6.

MANUALS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

Edited by REV. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A.

Vol. I. Christianity and the Roman Empire. By W. E. ADDIS, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Cloth 3/6.

London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.

THE HELPER

A Handbook for Sunday School Teachers and Parents.

Edited by MARIAN PRITCHARD ('Aunt Amy').

Vol. I., 1898. Vol. II., 1899. Vol. III., 1900.

The CONTENTS include: Addresses to Scholars. Suggestive Chapters for Sunday Classes. A Course of Sunday Readings. Teachers in Council. Articles on Special Subjects of Interest to Parents and Teachers. Illustrative Stories, Anecdotes, Poems, &c.

Price per Vol., 2/6 net; postage, 4d.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE PARABLES.

By the Rev. J. CROWTHER HIRST.

Price 1s. net; postage, 3d.

'It is just the book to put into the hands of teachers who have not much time for preparation.'—*Seed-sower.*

SUCCESSFUL LIFE: A Series of Essays.

By JOHN DENDY.

Intended for Private Reading and Adult Classes.

Price 2s. net; postage, 3d.

CONTENTS.—The Wholeness of Life. Life of the Body. Life of the Mind. The Great Recognisions—Beauty, Power, Truth. The Right—Conscience. The Emotions. Love Are we Free? The Object of Life. Work. Business. Gambling. Public Work. Other People—Influence. Friendship and Marriage. The Sex Question. Recreation. Play. Ideals—The Higher Life.

*** A Complete Catalogue of Publications sent post free on application.

London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand W.C

GTU Library
3 2400 00289 6474

DATE DUE

AUG 0 6 2002
AUG 1 9 2002

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A.

E986
D642C
Cooke, Frances E.
The story of Dorothea Lynde Dix

Flora Lamson Hewlett Library
Graduate Theological Union
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall.

DEMCO